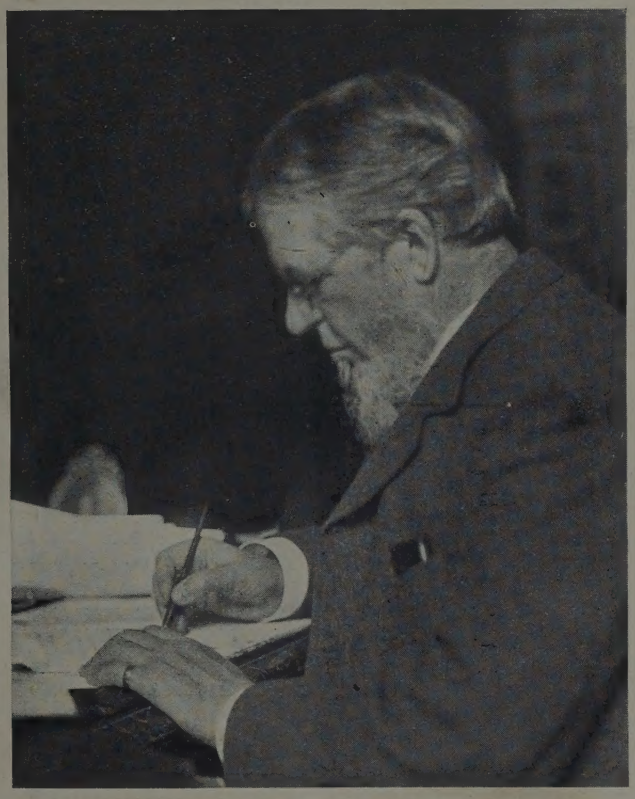
VOLUME LV CHICAGO, MARCH 2, 1905. NUMBER 1

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion



From a photograph of Mr. Chadwick, made in his study in the fall of 1903, by Mr. Henry Hoyt Moore. This is perhaps the last photograph taken of him.

"There is no ending to thy road,
No limit to thy fleeting goal,
But speeds the ever-greatening soul
From truth to truth, from God to God."

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LV. THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1905. NUMBER 1

John White Chadwick.

October 19, 1840, December 11, 1904.

Christmas, 1904.

I write his name upon the snow:
It vanishes; and yet I know
The Love that traced it needs must be
Recorded in eternity.

JOHN B. TABB.

He Lives in the Hearts of His Friends.

The memorial of the loving need not be hastily written. The memory of the noble abides. No one of the countless multitude who loved John Chadwick, who rejoiced in his wisdom and profited by his learning will deem this memorial number of UNITY belated. The funeral services of such an one extend far beyond the flower-laden casket with its perishable treasure, its open grave, and its "dust to dust" proclamation. Our chastened sorrow outlasts the blinding tears, the bewildering and benumbing pang, and reaches into the grief-laden joy, the serene sadness that brings one to an enlargement of heart, a strange sense of newly acquired riches, a new baptism of consecration.

In this conviction we have quietly waited for the mails to bring us the word of love, appreciation and indebtedness of busy men and women. UNITY is glad to invite its readers into this love circle to listen to, rather than to read, the unhasting tributes of these friends.

The "inner circle" is what we began to plan for. The phrase is unfortunate, for it suggests exclusion or a circumscribing of a circle whose sweep is here limited only by the inexorable limits of space and editorial resources.

Finer than any tributes phrased in these pages, however sincere and noble they may be, is the indirect and unconscious tribute found in the wide range of personalities here represented. From the Catholic priest, from the unpremeditated tribute of a parishioner in a private letter, from the sick room of a western woman whose name is unknown to letters, from parishioners who were in daily touch and closest communion with him, from those who had never seen him in bodily form, from college halls, from editorial rooms, from the studies of ministers conservative and radical, from east and west, from young and old, these verbal wreaths, word-flowers, come to the memory of Chadwick.

But the literary quality, spiritual insight and religious trust of all of these are excelled and interpreted by Mr. Chadwick's own words of prose and poetry herein printed. The sermon was kindly selected for us from the rich files of the "unpublished" by the faithful collaborator who shared and enriched his every thought,—Mrs. Chadwick. In the Study Table Department appear the last reviews from his own pen, which were in type when the benign summons came, the first for many years whose proof was uncorrected by his own hand. These are introduced by a facsimile of the last letter, so jolly and characteristic, which reached the UNITY sanctum.

In this company of appreciators the Senior Editor begs leave to lay off the thin disguise of the editorial "we," and to take his place in his own individuality among the grateful, hopeful, aye, cheerful mourners.

Our outward lives fell far apart. It was a far cry from the shoemaker's bench at Cape Cod to the log house in the Wisconsin clearing, consequently we did not see much of one another, but I think I knew him well. I rejoiced in him; I profited by his precepts and his practice; I am much indebted to him; I delighted to sit at his feet; we had much in common; we enjoyed many things together; I loved him, and his continuous support, toilful co-operation, persistent and generous collaboration in the pages of UNITY for twenty-seven years, justify the presumption that to a degree the love and confidence were reciprocated. After his return last summer he wrote, "I value UNITY highly as an organ of free spirit in politics and religion. * * * My terrible and almost fatal illness of last summer is an intimation that I must put my house in order and be prepared at any time to be prevented from all work."

Mr. Chadwick's house was always in order. For want of more adequate words I can here only repeat what in substance I have already said in another connection:

John White Chadwick was the poet laureate of the liberal faith, the delightful, exceptional combination of the scholar and the prophet, the seer and the critic, the man of the study with a boundless capacity for friendliness. Chadwick was a man of the people; he was a graduate of the shoe-shop, a non-academic man honored of the universities and at whose feet professors were glad to sit. In him the elements were finely compounded; he was a philosopher with a smile, a serious minded man with a lively sense of the humorous. We have loved to sing Chadwick's hymns; his words were almost weekly food to us in the pages of UNITY. In his death I mourn the loss of a personal friend, who was companion in my darkest hours, encouragement in my greatest perplexities, inspiration and guide in many ways at all times.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

Preacher.

PREPARATION

Where did he get the sturdy truthfulness, the brave and loyal will, the tender, reverential heart, the laughing, lyric quality, that makes it now so hard for friends to lose him from the day? The rocks and sea-winds of his birth-place had somewhat to do with it. He dearly loved all things in Marblehead. The lichened ledges, the beach, the harbor-lights, the gulls, the barnacles, the sidling dories, the storms and sea-toss, the sunlit peace of summer seas, all lie mirrored in his verse. But more, no doubt, it came a birthright from the plain-featured and plain-mannered parents, both of them compact of honesties and self-forgettings and the silent sort of tenderness. In the quiet of the queer old town they lived the humble epic which their boy translated afterwards to rhythmic sermon-ethics in a city pulpit. She was of the kind that "mothers" any one in need. He a "captain courageous" on the Grand Bank of Newfoundland; in the winter-time, between fares, making shoes. By dint of the cod-fish and the "ankle-ties" he brought up their little family of three, two girls and John. In later years he kept a tiny grocery,—his heart scarce licensing him to take advantage of a rising market when he happened to have stock on hand, and in "crash" times obliging him to trust poor neighbors out of work till he lost full half his modest substance. "A man of most incorrigible and losing honesty," writes his boy, quoting Charles Lamb's tribute to *his* father; and this is his own: "It was inconceivable that he could do any deliberate wrong, or vary by a hair's breadth from the line of perfect honesty and truth." As others hang a father's sword, he hung his father's quadrant, "homesick" for the sea, in the hall-way of his city home.

> "Good courage! Yea, my father, thou hast had
> Thy part in this on many a stormy sea,
> When the great winds were blowing mightily
> And all the waste of waters had gone mad.
> Now thou hast gone upon a voyage far
> Beyond the sea-mark of thy venturous prime,
> Steering thy course by a remoter star
> Than the remotest which our heavens climb:
> Will thy heart sink, thy courage fail thee? No;
> Fearless as ever thou dost onward go!"

Nobly born, then, was John Chadwick, with much of his best accounted for by birth. Well trained, too, by hardships and economies. Father Taylor would hardly have sighed over him as over Dr. Channing,—"Oh, that he had been educated!" At thirteen he was leaving school to sell the buttons in a dry-goods store. Then he learnt shoe-making. Things were still primeval in that art, and little shoe-shops, antedating factories, perched everywhere among the village rocks. And then a great hope kindled. Some older towns-boy, whom he knew, had escaped into the outside world and come home with a trailing glory of books and education. He handed on the torch to John: why should not another boy of Marblehead aspire and do as well? Somehow it was managed,—"Sister Jennie" being urgent for it, and helping from her pittance of $150 a year for teaching primary school. First he went to the Bridgewater Normal School for two years: then to Phillips Exeter Academy a little while; and then—no possibility of College opening between—pressed on into the Divinity School at Harvard, attaining it in the fall of 1861. This time the new hope kindled from a falling spark. While at the Normal School a "lilac-covered sermon"—that with which Samuel Longfellow had just dedicated the "New Chapel" in Brooklyn, N. Y.,—chanced into Chadwick's hands and heart. That sermon gave the boy a vision of all that a religious society might be. As he read, the thought burned in him, "I will be a minister!" And a strange dream drifted after,—"What if, some day, I were to be minister of this very society!"

And the dream came true; but only by incessant over-work and a starvation diet, doubly necessitated by his struggle for an education without money and by his passion for the ownership of books. At Cambridge half the time he was half-sick; he was not strong enough to rough it in the army with his mates. They were glowing years, however, for his mind,—*its* diet royal and royally assimilated. He plunged head over into books, and in his very first vacation into humble preaching with good welcome for it: "I cannot tell you how much I enjoyed the Sabbath with the old people. The first time there were about sixty. My audiences increased every Sunday, and the last time we had a goodly number of outsiders." Already in the Normal School his power was recognized; at the Divinity School both his wide reading and his written papers gave him brilliant reputation in the little cloister-world. His shaping teachers there were Dr. Francis, with a mind forever at the philosophic poise; Dr. Noyes, clear-cut, dry, decisive, with something of the hero in both scholarship and character,—exceeding bold as critic while dealing with the Old Testament, but somewhat reverential to the supernatural when he turned to face the New; and Dr. Hedge, whose literary culture and illuminating reason in religion made him to a young and kindred mind like Chadwick's a most quickening influence. Besides his theologic comrades several of Agassiz' students roomed then in the Hall, and high debate on the new Darwinism was always going on. "I was an easy convert to that hypothesis, as should have been all Emersonians," he later said,—which points to two strong fountains flowing early in his mind, Science, and the Transcendental springs of Concord. Another inspiration came through bracing sermons heard in Marblehead from his own minister, now the white-haired veteran of Syracuse.

It was Dr. Hedge whose love and expectation suggested him to the New Chapel people as their prophet who might be. "Give him a three months' trial," was his wise counsel to ears wise enough to take it. Six years the lilac-covered pamphlet had been fading now. Samuel Longfellow had withdrawn; "his ministry by our contemporary standards of numbers, bigness, noise and shouting, of but small account,—tried by the highest standards, a success but seldom paralleled in the religious life of nineteenth-century communities." And Nahor Staples had flamed out in two swift years his ardent soul. Chadwick wrote the Staples story, his first book, calling it, "Way, Truth and Life." It was a church without a creed; with a pledge to Truth-seeking, instead. Over the door of the quaint, low-roofed structure Samuel Longfellow had inscribed in golden letters, "The Truth Shall Make You Free." The constitution read, "No subscription or assent to any formula of faith shall be required as a qualification for church-membership." The congregation was small, but of what shining quality was shown by the ministers whom, first and last, they called, but could not get,—Dr. Peabody, Dr. J. F. Clarke, Horatio Stebbins, Starr King, William T. Potter, O. B. Frothingham, Robert Collyer. High hearts indeed! And if small, of most compact and ho-

mogeneous life, bound together by strong ties of affection and common, dearly-loved ideals, with—this, of course, a record later earned—"never one parish quarrel in all its fifty years." In the great "City of Churches," Beecher's, Storrs', and, later, Talmage's, "New Chapel" was as a little child set in the midst; a child with a strange light in its eyes, hearing and asking questions.

He had resolved, wherever he might candidate, to preach his utmost radicalism, theologic, social and political, that he might be taken for what he was, or not at all. In Brooklyn the test-sermon came on the Sunday before Lincoln's second election. The young man spoke his heart out on the burning questions of the hour, and the people's answer was, "Thou art our man!" He was just twenty-four years old. His ordination fell on the day when Sherman's march to the sea ended in the capture of Savannah, Dec. 21, 1864. Robert Collyer's sermon showed by "Enoch's walk with God" that religion was as ancient as the soul of man. Samuel Longfellow charged him to make his faithful message, "the gospel of the immediateness of the Spirit." Octavius Frothingham offered the ordaining prayer,—"or poem." An ordination fit and full of prophecy. But then the best of all: "That night, when it was all over, and everybody else in the dear home where I was staying had gone upstairs, and, as I thought, to bed, I had a good, hard cry,—I was so young and ignorant, and the task which I had undertaken was so great. And a little later, as I went stumbling to my room, my noble hostess met me on the way, divining all, and kissed me as a mother might, and said a few kind words; and those words and that kiss have always seemed to me a part, and the best part, of my ordination." And so the school-boy's dream came true.

Soon, too, another dream in blessedest fulfilment; for, when June roses next were red he married Annie Hathaway, of Marblehead. Only Marblehead was good enough to hold her. Thenceforth it was always "John and Annie" who loved and who were loved by friends. In fact it would have been most hard to be the John without the Annie at his side to guard his days and mould the fashion of his world. They were just two enough for him to write of her,—

> "The one whose hand
> Lies close in mine where'er I roam,
> My sternest critic, safest guide,
> The dear wife-angel of my home."

Thirty-six years passed—their three children then grown up, and the house again stilling to a home of two—and he testified before his people, "She is the one who should be preferred before me in all the work that I have ever done of any kind."

AS INTERPRETER OF NEW THOUGHT IN RELIGION

Happy the Unitarian minister whose service synchronized with the last third of the nineteenth century, the beginning of the Renaissance-time in religion!

> "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
> But to be young was very heaven!"

Chadwick in 1864 was all three, very much alive, and young, and Unitarian,—Unitarian of the kind most eager for the things of morn. In the early century Science had been vastly widening man's ideas of Time and Space, and revealing Law as regnant everywhere in Nature; in its noon, the vision of the "forces" correlating with each other had given to the terms "Unity" and "Universe" intensity of mystic meaning; and now the theory of Evolution was making the heavens, the earth, and everything within them, the long history of man, the very atoms, one great Growth,—One *Life*. As result of Science so transformed, everything connected with Religion—philosophy, ethics, psychology, theology, Bible criticism—was showing signs of April change. In such a period to a minister able to divine and to reveal the religious bearings of the new thought is assigned a lofty function. Not quite Prophet, but Interpreter, his name. To this function Chadwick's nature seemed to summon him. To this, both unconsciously and consciously, he was dedicated. "To reconceive the Bible, to reconceive the life and character of Jesus, to reconceive the universe and man and God, not with my own poor strength, but with the help of all the deepest, highest, noblest philosophical and critical and scientific thinking of the time,—these are the tasks which I have laid upon myself, and they have been worthy of my utmost consecration. The process has been intellectual; but it has had abundant ethical and emotional implications. A clearer vision of the world, a more awed and tender admiration of its mysterious beauty and perfection, a more resolute determination of the moral will to whatsoever things are right,—such are the ends and objects of a spiritual and working church. Such have I set before me always. I trust I have not wholly failed."*

But this power of reconception is not won with ease. Chadwick's experience involved two revolutions in his thinking; and in both he was so typical of many in his time and of increasing multitudes today, that his own account of them has interest beyond the purpose of a picture of himself. For the first I quote from a letter written in August, 1862, when he had been but one year in the Divinity School. "How do I tend in the question of miracles? you ask. To the belief that, when they exist, they are 'one with the blowing clover and the falling rain.' The weakest part of Strauss is his discussion of miracles, but after reading him their historical validity seems by no means clearly established. I am getting to entirely disbelieve in the *theologic* notion of revelation. (I can make confessions to you across a thousand miles of land and water.) Moses, the Prophets, Jesus, were men of wondrous spiritual insight. They were not unique, but excellent. The glory of Jesus, I think, was the largeness of his intuition. The 'necessity of revelation' means this: The world needed some one to grasp by intuition the truths which we might not have attained today, if ever, by inductive processes. No *absolute* need. All revelations are natural, or super-natural, as you please. But they are of the same sort. I think that Jesus got his ideas of God, etc., in the same way that Socrates got his. In proportion as Jesus ceases to appear to me something strange and anomalous, he becomes to me something very real and vital, full of hope and prophecy as to what I myself can be. I am everywhere simplifying. My creed is getting wonderfully short. I believe in goodness,—therefore in its inspirer, God,—therefore in its highest incarnation, Jesus Christ. I still believe in the ancient text, 'There is no name given under Heaven,' etc. I am not certain that I accept it with the apostle's meaning. To me it means this: That though the way be very long and very hard, there is no other way of saving our souls than that which he accepted,—always true to the best that was in him; always praying for further light to meet his further need. Fichte, you know, says: 'Let the will be firmly directed toward the Good, and the understanding will of itself apprehend the True.' Was not that the secret of Christ's wondrous moral power?"

*His "Twenty-fifth Anniversary" sermon, p. 5.

The supernaturalism of the tradition had early given way, then, to "a great central conviction of the perfect adequacy of the natural order of the universe for every possible good." Upon these lines he preached all his first years in Brooklyn, and on these lines developed, all his life. But gradually, as he read and thought and worked, he found that his mind was passing through a second ordeal of emancipation. In both his twentieth and twenty-fifth anniversary sermons he described it. The quotation is mainly from the latter: "My earlier preaching was associated with the Transcendental system of philosophy. That I could rest awhile in this, when supernaturalism was no longer possible for me, was a piece of fortune for which I have been always glad. But the Transcendental Philosophy is itself a modified supernaturalism. It ascribes to every individual soul a gift of supernatural revelation; assures it, without reason or experience, of God and Immortality and Moral Law. How joyfully I accepted this in Theodore Parker's way, so concrete and vital as compared with that of his great leader, Kant! To give it up was the most painful ordeal I have ever had to undergo. To part with the supernaturalism of my earlier manhood had not been half so hard. Sometimes there came upon me a horror of great darkness, in which I feared that I could never preach again. This was in good part because I had not begun to realize the moral and religious implications of the Experiential system. I was halting 'between two worlds, one dead, the other waiting to be born.' But the final outcome of my philosophical transformation was replete with confidence and joy. The light at length began to dawn, and it has been growing brighter and brighter ever since. Those great words, 'God' and 'Duty', were the first of the immortal three to gather to themselves new meanings, higher and better than the old. I found an infinite element implied in every step of evolution; back of the lowest a higher than the highest term of the ascending series; and so, by consequence, an Everlasting Better than our best of thought or hope; and so, again, a moral universe building the moral life of man, with its foundations in the seas of water and of fire. 'If Life and Thought are the flower of matter,' says Prof. Tyndall, 'any definition of Matter which omits Life and Thought must be inadequate, if not untrue.' By parity of reasoning any definition of Matter which omits the Moral Law must be inadequate, if not untrue. The Universe is moralized by our perception that there is no break in the line of evolution from the original fire-mist to the righteous will of the most noble of mankind. Not the materialization of mind, but the spiritualization of matter, 'the divinity in the atoms,' seemed to me the right interpretation of the result of science. The other great word, 'Immortality', was slower to assimilate the strength of the new doctrine. I rested in the greatness of my hope, and in my confidence that what was best for us the Eternal would provide. And I was happy so;* but happier when, at length, it was borne in upon my mind that this 'better thing for us'—immortal life—is something without which the Evolution doctrine cannot be made perfect. Never at any earlier stage of my experience did I have such a happy and rejoicing faith as I have now, and I cannot preach a sermon which is not infected more or less with its divine hilarity."

*Thus in the "Twentieth Year" sermon, 1884, as he was careful then to say; but by the "Twenty-fifth," here quoted, the *hope* of Immortality had strengthened thus, and through the Evolution doctrine.

Later, when our present evolutionary psychology had been more thoroughly developed, Chadwick would probably not have driven his hatchet with such decisive stroke between the two philosophies of Intuition and Experience. In his Life of Parker (1900) his comment on Parker's short-hand metaphysics was far less sharp than words like these would lead us to expect. "That Parker was the protagonist of a lost cause (in metaphysics) seems not by any means so sure today as sometimes heretofore," he says. "His criticism of the Sensationalism then in vogue was in the rough a valid one." "Intellect, as an evolutionary refinement of sense-perception, hints at the possible evolution of the transcendental from the inductive intellect. Assured of this, a radical distinction in the nature of the two would be improbable."

Plainly, this rejoicing faith of his was, first of all and last of all, a Cosmic Theism. The world was the manifested God; God was in the earthquake as in the still, small voice; "tragedy", the warp on which he weaves the fabric of the mighty plan of Good and works transfiguration for all souls. "I have found nothing else so easy, so inevitable as to believe in God, especially as I have not felt obliged to give a definition." In the '70s, thoughtful men were struggling with what seemed to be the materialistic implications of Science; nor was the Brooklyn preacher exempt from the common lot. But his people in the Chapel could hardly have reported it a struggle as he faced them with the problem. It gave him constant opportunity to "translate Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, into the language of religion", and, an early and confident herald, to set forth "the essential piety of modern Science." This last phrase was the title of his noble sermon before the National Unitarian Conference in 1876. Piety he there defined as "man's sense of his relation to the Universal Life, the infinite, informing Life of everything that is,—for which we have, and need to have, no better name than 'God'"; and he showed how under the greatening revelations of the age this sense was growing to be an ever deeper awe and thankfulness and trust, a more humble and delighted loyalty. Another time: "I have valued Science *most* for its aid to worship, for those wonders of the Known it has revealed to us, that make the great Unknown kindle for our imagination with splendors of incalculable good." Religion always came before his mind as three-fold in its nature: "The spiritual is intellectual, is moral, is emotional." Intellectual,—so "religion without dogma," yes; but without "doctrine," no, for thought is a noble part, are the best part of religion; but they are not co-extensive with religion." And then the poet in Chadwick guaranteed, as well, full emphasis on Worship. His prayers among his people were tender and spontaneous, and his sermons apt anywhere to flower into psalms.

Cosmic Theism, then, his ardent faith, with witness borne to it in every sermon and in every book he wrote,—for example, in his "Faith of Reason", in 1879. And what else, this faith he preached? His "Thirtieth Anniversary" sermon hints what else. With more and more distinctness Jesus—from whom he therefore with a curious conscientiousness withheld the official title, "Christ"—took his place "within the human order as much as Plato or Luther or Shakespeare, and with a great access of delight in him and love for him as very man of very man." Witness to this his volume, "The Man Jesus", printed in 1881. With growing confirmation from his studies of the

great religions of the world he set forth the value of the Bible, "a glorious mass of Hebrew literature as human as the Vedas or as Emerson." Its "higher criticism" was the joy of his most studious hours, and in sermon, lecture, book, he hastened to condense its most significant results from the language of the specialists into that of the plain man. Few preachers in America were earlier, bolder, gladder, so prophetic and so useful, in this fundamental work; the witness here, his "Bible of To-day", printed as early as 1878. Its main positions, then the heresy, are now the acclamation of many an Orthodox professor in schools of the apostles. And finally, the dignity of human nature, at first apparently so challenged by the theory of Darwin, he soon came to see, stood not in any method of its origin, but in its reach and measure of attainment; man's slow process of development attesting the greatness of his worth, and "the long way he has come a longer way to go." A longer way to go upon the earth—and *off* of it. Like preachers all, Chadwick returned often to the major themes; but, to judge from printed sermons, it would seem as if no word of his, except that which affirmed the Life of God, was quite so reiterant with him as that with which he faced the mystery of the Future life.

THE PREACHER AT WORK

For forty years John Chadwick preached this glowing faith amid his people. He knew well his limitations as their minister. He was "no organizer"; "no good pastor", reckoning by parish calls; too seldom ventured to offer pulpit-counsel on the social problems of the day, labor and capital, poverty, intemperance, and the like,—his reason for this abstinence being no lack of interest or study, but a sense of inability to speak with force and clearness, and a distrust of panaceas. There were two exceptions to this abstinence, however. Against the evils of the "spoils" system and of partisanship in politics he let loose his utmost soul; and if his people did not know his politics, it was because they were not in their pews on Sunday mornings. Between minister and people the little Chapel grew somewhat distinguished for its contribution to the cause of righteousness in these directions. As indeed it did for other betterments in Brooklyn life: several of the city's helpful institutions, Kindergartens, the Flower Mission, Boys' Guilds, were born and cradled in the Chapel precincts, and then "colonized" abroad. In all such betterments its minister rejoiced, but his part was that of inspiration rather than initiation or detail. Again, his preaching voice, a surging monotone like seawind, was against him,—until friends grew to rather like it because it was his own! In a way, too, his very excellence of thought and statement was hindrance to popular success. He seldom spoke offheart, a man to men, but read his careful sermon,—an artist bringing in his hand a picture from his studio,—a scholar thinking thoughts aloud, thinking them with ample mental gesture and abandon, but with little gesture to the eye. It was said of him that one with quick perceptions, listening to his sermons thirty years, would have acquired a liberal education: but that is almost saying that the texture of his thought and its rich broidery of literary allusion required an education to thoroughly enjoy it. So while these were indeed delight to many, and while few among our ministers were so welcome on exchange or at a Conference, he was no preacher for the multitude, and his settled congregation was a circle small. This smallness he accepted as the cost of being true to his own nature's best.

But meanwhile, and all the while, his relation to those he called "my people" was one of closest confidence and love and mutual pride; and their pride was largely joy in him *as* preacher. Largely, not inevitably so: they were almost as individual as he, and with much cordial praise much healthy, honest blame was mixed. "I don't believe that any preacher ever had this last commodity dealt out to him more freely than I have had it dealt to me, or was ever troubled by it less. But no one has ever for a moment sought to fetter or abridge the freedom of my thought and speech. Nor have 'fallings from us, vanishings' ever spoiled the pleasantness of my personal intercourse with my seceding friends." That means the heart of love all round. But take his own words, humble yet self-confident, about his methods and his work. "Body and soul and mind I have given myself up to this Second Unitarian Society. No man shall rob me of this crown of my rejoicing. * * I am only a writer of sermons, which I hardly *preach* to you at all, but *read* in a monotonous and sometimes abominable manner. * * But of one thing I am sure,—that I have had a conscience for the Word preached. Good, bad or indifferent, it has been as good as I could make it from week to week, from month to month, from year to year. I have permitted nothing to interfere with it, no pleasure, and no other work. I have given to it ample time and preparation, writing much more slowly and carefully than is the average custom of my ministerial brethren, reserving for the writing of each sermon three days of perfect disengagement from all meaner things; doing everything I could to enrich my sermons with the spoils of science, literature and art, asking first, last and always how I might make them helpful to your thought and life; and to the end that I might bring them home to your experience, drawing them forth out of my own, and preaching to myself much more directly and more consciously than to anyone of you."

The "enriching spoils" were indeed immense. His reading field lay almost wholly within English bounds, but within this the bee in him ranged far and wide for honey. Probably no other minister among us read so much, so steadily, so variously, and with such hold-fast memory. Yet he called himself a "slow" reader! Did the very fullness of his income check originality? It would do so with many, and he must have been put to it sometimes to hush away the circling echoes as he wrote. But he always read with strong reaction of his own mind, and seemed to come out the stouter thinker and the critic still. Loyally he gathered in the solid books of his profession as they appeared; and yet he felt, "I have never found the best theology or the best religion in strictly theological or religious books, but in general literature, in history, biography, poetry, fiction, science." The winter lectures that he gave for many years on Sunday evenings, usually to a crowded house, on topics literary, social, scientific, theological, these in themselves involved huge reading enterprises. And all that became his to-day tomorrow was his people's.

After a few years they bethought themselves to share their feast with others, and began (1875) to print one of his sermons monthly, eight a year. The thirtieth series is still coming out today, although his guiding hand is still. Thenceforth he had two congregations, his little one at home, the other larger far and scattered in many lands. And from this time on, the little one became his active colleague in all his widening ministration. This Church Invisible, whose gratitude reached him in letters by the hundred, was

a great delight, his second best reward,—the first one shining always from the faces there at home. It gave him sense of "mission" and co-operation, both. From the borders of Russia, from Australia, New Zealand, India, from all parts of the United States, he heard that his word was Light to men,—men often that had broken with the popular theology and reacted so far as to distrust all religion. To such minds he endeavored to make clear that the Science which had undermined the popular theology had made religion a more vital substance, a more living joy, than ever. In the interest of these readers the two hundred and forty sermons selected for his thirty pamphlet-series contain a larger critical and speculative element than his home average. At least, he claimed, that his *"life*-sermons" rather than his *"thought*-sermons"—though he resented this distinction, "for thought-sermons *are* life-sermons"—were always in majority; "sermons of the inner life, of sentimental and imaginary ethics." And this increasingly: "More and more my preaching has tended to the supremacy of ethics, spiritual ethics, ethics allied continually with the thought of God." Another gradual change he noted and friends welcomed. In his younger days, though he was not quite on full crusade with Theodore Parker against that "popular theology", *incisive* would be a somewhat gentle adjective with which to describe his holy zeal. Blessed are the minds that see distinctions, for they shall know the Truth—was his intellectual Beatitude. This feeling softened with the process of the years, as Orthodoxy suffered a heaven-change under Renaissance conditions. Although he never came to clearly recognize that great truths, sub-conscious in the race-mind, lie foreshadowed in her ancient dogma-symbols, he grew more pacific towards her, and more prone to seek the spirit underlying differing theologies.

Let us now sum up the output of his joyous task of life. His sermons (the last one numbered "1249") and lectures, with their spiritual ethics, their interpretation of the Living God within the freshening Universe, their glow of reverent joy, their many-colored illustrations from science, history, poetry and life—a combination making them almost unique among the pulpit-products of the day,—these Sermons were his chief deliverance of himself to men. But after all, they were but one of four or five staples in his harvest. Book-Notices were another. It seems incredible, but "nearly two thousand" was his count of these for his first twenty years of ministry! With another twenty gone, I know not what the count may be; but in 1895 he wrote two hundred and fifty-eight, and has for years been writing them for the *New York Evening Post*, the *New York Times*, the *Brooklyn Eagle*, the *Christian Register*, and UNITY. Many of these notices were but a few lines long, but others were elaborate reviews. Neither his praise nor blame was *mush*. We heard his frank opinion, wincing sometimes for his victim, at other times admiring his gentle stroke of death; but we learned to trust his summaries and welcome the sure-footed guide. To one familiar with the swing and cadence of his style and certain tell-tale favorites of phrase, it mattered little whether his articles were signed or no with the well-known initials. Add to these his longer magazine articles, many in the course of forty years. And still there are his Books, not less than twenty-eight, if I count them aright. Thirteen of these, to be sure, are but the monthly sermons bound under various titles; with another little sermon-sheaf, outside. Of the four upon theology, three have been already named, the other will be. Five biographies,—"Nahor Staples"; a short sketch of his noble friend, George William Curtis; "Sallie Holley's Life for Liberty"; and his two best, and each perhaps the best about its subject, and both among the best Lives written anywhere of late,—"Theodore Parker, Teacher and Reformer", and "William Ellery Channing, Minister of Religion." Two books of Poems, his own, and another soon to come; and three more of his "collecting", with his wife for comrade in the search,—"The Two Voices", poems of the Mountain and the Sea; "Out of the Heart", for lovers young and old; "Through Love to Light", songs of Good Courage. Now add to these his Letters,—"two to three thousand every year", as he grew older,—and we have the picture of a Modern Minister, right useful as to type, devoted as to spirit, busy all his days, abounding in his harvest,—yet one who made few parish-calls and organized no charities! Verily there are "diversities of gift, differences of ministration, but—the self-same Spirit."

HIS SERVICE TO UNITARIANISM

Something should be said about Chadwick's faithful service to Unitarianism. That same fall in which he was ordained (1864), under Dr. Bellows' organizing genius Unitarians formed their National Conference, which has added cubits many to their stature bodily and spiritual. But it brought troubles, too,—a thirty years' dissension with several tragic crises in it. One party desired, if not quite a creed concerning Jesus' "Lordship", at least a strictly "Christian" rim to Unitarian fellowship. The other clamored for an open door as alone consistent with Unitarian principles. The former party, much the larger, long had things their way; and a "Free Religious Association" promptly emerged like a little Holland, to hold the refugees from the Establishment. Presently a "Year-Book" problem rose, and ministers were dropped by Unitarian officials from the Unitarian list. And last an "Issue in the West", where the question was threshed out anew so strenuously that the churches there still suffer from the exhaustion of that struggle. But silently the nobler spirit grew, as it is sure to grow, swiftly in Unitarianism, slowly in Orthodoxy. Suddenly the National Conference expanded, struck its own barriers down, amended both its spirit and its Constitution,—and Unitarians were one again, and one for freedom.

Throughout this controversy Chadwick gave head and voice unflinchingly to the side eager for the open door, while he kept a brother's heart and hand for those upon the other side as well. That ever was his spirit and his way. While claiming all the inside privileges of his Unitarian birthright, he was ranked, and ranked himself, one of the Free Religious group, whose leaders were such dissidents as Frothingham, Potter, Abbot, Longfellow, Wasson, Weiss,—a shining constellation. And he was one of the very, very few Eastern liberals who seemed to understand the Issue in the West, to see that it was but their own cause emigrating westward, and to really wish that cause of freedom there uncompromised success. With all his friendliness for the full circle, he rather loved a fray that justified good swinging strokes; and this not least when it brought him face to face with those accounted mighty. As early as his fifth anniversary at Brooklyn (1869) he must have enjoyed, therefore, preaching and printing, so that the honored chief across the river should distinctly hear him, such words as these: "Calling myself a Unitarian, and feeling proud of the traditions that are suggested by that name, I need not tell you that I believe very little of what the imaginary Unitarians believe whose creed is

written in the last *'Liberal (?) Christian'*. Let Dr. Bellows speak for himself, but not for other people. * * No earnest thinker can put himself outside of Unitarianism except by trying to put out other people; in the realm of thought it is intolerant of nothing but intolerance." But he must have rejoiced still more that on his twentieth anniversary (1884) he could say: "In the Unitarian denomination I am no longer now, as I was twenty years ago, one of a small minority, viewed with suspicion, treated with contempt. I am one now of a large majority, if I do not utterly misreckon." When he said that, the worst was yet to come; yet he did not utterly misreckon, and soon the fact drew nearer to his wish. His attitude and influence played no small part in the happy consummation reached by the National Conference in 1894; and he even served as Director of the American Unitarian Association when at last the eyes of that Association slowly opened to the dawn.

In other words, throughout his life Chadwick was a steadfast and consistent Unitarian *of the higher sort*. That in Unitarianism to which he was so loyal was not its changing elements of "doctrine", still less its hallowed shibboleths; but its essential and abiding "principles",—Freedom the method in religion, Character its test, and Service its expression. These were the things supreme, the things ever to be emphasized and guarded; no cherished "faith", however great, was to horizon them. These things secure, however, in their supremacy, "doctrine" was a most important and most interesting matter to him. It was his delight to help to fashion our new moulds of thought. Within our little body only one or two have done so much as he to formulate the things commonly believed to-day among us—believed to-day in contrast with the yesterdays. Sometimes he set them forth arrayed together in sermon-summaries; oftener would elaborate a single theme, and return to it year after year; and at any need would hasten to the front in their defence, rejoicing as a strong man to meet the onset. His service of this kind culminated in the book called "Old and New Unitarian Belief", offered to his people on his thirtieth anniversary with this inscription: "To the Unitarian Family on Earth and in Heaven, and especially to those men of force and genius who have been my teachers from my youth up, and to those friends of my society in Brooklyn who for thirty years have given me so freely of their trust and love." It is a careful history and discussion of the change in thought among us concerning Man, God, the Bible, Christianity, Jesus, Future Life, Salvation. If our faith be really hard to understand, "who will may hear Sordello's story" nobly told therein by one who loved Sordello wisely well.

W. C. GANNETT.

In Memoriam.

Dec. 11, 1904.

Into a world where mortal eye sees not
He passed, and left us blinded by our tears.
Yea, let us weep, since through the unseen years
By him unled we go: how hard our lot!
Would that his questful voyage we might plot,
And know the port to which he onward steers;
What the glad sounds that break upon his ears,
And all the "vast unknown" to him has brought!

We may not pierce the awful mystery,
We may not know how fares it with our dead.
We can but wonder, in our dumb despair,
Hoping and trusting where we cannot see,
And follow fearless whither they have led.
Here all was well—it cannot but be there!

Brooklyn, N. Y. A. EMERSON PALMER.

TRIBUTES.

A. Emerson Palmer, Brooklyn, N. Y. It was my privilege to be one of Mr. Chadwick's flock and to listen to his inspiring sermons for nearly twenty-five years. In the autumn of 1880, when I was feeling my way out of the orthodoxy in which I had been reared—a process in which, let me say, I had received substantial help from the preaching of Henry Ward Beecher and of another man for whom I had a rare degree of affection, Edward Eggleston—I saw in the church advertisements one Saturday evening that John W. Chadwick (I believe no "Rev." preceded the name) was to preach in the Second Unitarian Church the next morning on "Essentials in Religion." I had known his name for several years, and had in fact heard him preach once, some four years before, in my capacity as a newspaper reporter; but that had been in the way of business, and I was not impressed. Perhaps the time was not ripe.

That it was, in October, 1880, I have never had a shadow of doubt. To me, in my then state of mind and heart, "Essentials in Religion" was the very bread of life. How well I remember that sermon!—from the opening passage, referring to "In essentials unity; in non-essentials liberty; in all things charity," to the closing quotation from Whittier's "My Triumph," which I did not then recognize, although I liked it greatly. I am sure I should remember it most vividly had not my memory been refreshed more than once by reading the discourse, which is to be found in the volume called "Belief and Life." If the sermon had remained unprinted, and had our dear friend taken it from his collection in the last few months in order to revise it for redelivery, I think he would scarcely have found it necessary to change a single word.

I went that Sunday morning, more than twenty-four years ago, eager but doubtful. Little did I anticipate the riches in store for me. I heard, and I was convinced. One sermon determined my fate. Henceforward the "dear and pleasant place" at the corner of Clinton and Congress streets was my church home; and a most comfortable home it proved. Very early in my hearing of him Mr. Chadwick used the phrase, "the delights of a rational faith," and I wondered if it was to be my good fortune to share those delights. I had not long to wait. To John Chadwick I owe a debt of gratitude greater than I can ever tell—greater than to any other teacher I have known. He led me into a large place. He taught me the meaning of religion. He taught me the meaning of life.

Eminent as he was as poet, critic, biographer, his chief work was as a minister of religion. Of that he had no question. That was his vocation: and much as he delighted in his pleasant avocations, never did he permit them to divert him from the main business of his life. His manner of public speech may not have been pleasing to all hearers, and perhaps was more likely to repel than to attract when first heard; but to those in sympathy with his thought it came to have a rare attractiveness. At times, certainly, he delivered what was in him to say with a power and persuasiveness not often surpassed by the most accomplished orator. Never can I forget his rendering of Mrs. Browning's "Romance of the Swan's Nest," in a Sunday evening lecture; or the hush that fell upon his audience after his reading of that exquisite and touching poem of George Eliot's, "Two Lovers." I recall, too, a sermon in behalf of the American Unitarian Association the closing appeal of which was of eloquence all compact, causing me to put into the collection a sum several times larger than I was in the habit of contributing; and as I walked homeward that morning, a

fellow-hearer told me that on account of our minister's powerful plea he had emptied his pocket into the plate!

I have always felt that my debt to Mr. Chadwick was large for the great number of beautiful and inspiring (therefore *inspired*) poems which he brought to me, many of which have found a permanent lodgment in my heart. His selective faculty was wonderful, and the best of poetry and prose that he came upon in his wide range of reading he loved to share with his people. The aptness of the poem or stanza with which he opened the Sunday service was universally recognized; and I cannot but believe that others felt with me that to miss the opening words—they might be Arnold's, Clough's, Carlyle's, Eliza Scudder's, Sutton's, Wasson's, Lowell's, Emerson's, or another's—was to miss a vital part of the service.

But the chief thing was the sermon. As has been truly said elsewhere (*pace* Robert Collyer), "we shall never hear their like again!" Happy are we whose privilege it was to hear them that so many have been printed and brought together in books that are an inestimable treasure to those who possess them. And glad are we that by this means our minister's life-giving words have gone far beyond the little company that heard them, and have brought cheer and consolation to a multitude who never heard his voice or looked upon his face. To them as to us he being dead yet speaketh. The influence of such a man, of such a minister, of such a soul, can never die!

Last summer I wrote some lines which it was my purpose to present to our dear minister in connection with his approaching fortieth anniversary. My first thought was to read them in the church in October, on the first Sunday after the vacation. Friends whom I consulted, however, were of the opinion that a more appropriate occasion would be the reception to be held on the anniversary of his ordination and installation. Alas! he never heard them; and it will be a source of lasting regret to me that I did not follow the first leading of my heart. May I ask you to print them here, as voicing, I am sure, the feeling of every member of his society?

To thee, O minister beloved and friend,
Sincerest gratitude we humbly bring;
What thou hast done for us would fitly sing,
But that our thanks and love so far our words transcend.

Thy forty years' whole-hearted ministry
A multitude of souls hath blessed and cheered,
And ever thee to us hath more endeared.
Rejoice in good work done so well and faithfully.

Much hast thou taught us, mightily helped us on,
With noble sermon, prayer, and hymn of praise,
With modern poet's word, and ancient Bible phrase,
To higher things than lacking thee our lives had won.

"The Faith of Reason" steadily thou hast preached;
In sweet songs voiced the thoughts of many hearts;
Sincere and brave, thou hast played well thy parts:
Unto how many souls thy helpful words have reached!

"Green Pastures and Still Waters" we have known;
"The Teaching Earth" has been our teacher too;
"The Double Harvest" we have kept in view;
Through thee, "The Measure of a Man" have made our own.

"Words Fitly Spoken" from thy lips not few
Deep in our hearts have sunk; seen through thine eyes,
"Child in the Midst" and "Blessed Mother" wise
Assumed a beauty rarer than erstwhile we knew.

Astray, thou hast called back our wandering feet;
In paths of peace we have by thee been led;
"The Bible of To-day" have freely read;
"Life's Constant Good," in sooth, has been our portion sweet.

"Essentials in Religion" we have learned;
What strength may in "The Rock of Ages" be;
How ample "The Divine Sufficiency":
As these high things we heard our hearts within us burned.

In holy hours of marriage, death, and birth,
In our most tender moments, hast thou come,
To sacred precincts of the church or home,
With silent sympathy, and words of rarest worth.

How voice our thanks? How tell our love, most true,
O friend revered, wise counsellor, sure guide?
Our words are vain. Here, standing by thy side,
We take thy hand and pledge our loyalty anew.

We hail thee at this summit of thy years!
Happy are we in all that thou hast wrought.
Though the good fight not to the end is fought,
We gird our loins afresh, and banish all our fears.

Thy work is not yet done. Yonder we hope
For many a year thy voice will still be heard,
In heart-felt prayer, and song, and stirring word,
Ere sinks thy setting sun behind the western slope!*

*These verses were printed in the *Christian Register* February 2, 1905.

Joseph May, Rome, Italy. The life of John White Chadwick is one of those rare ones over which we are permitted to write, without hesitation or qualification, the legend, "Felix." The more as, in almost all its elements, it was his own creation. Not that he did not owe much to endowment and conditions. He did. In the truest sense, he was *well born*. The influences about his early days were wholesome and stimulating. Those who know New England, know that among no portion of her citizens are strong and clear intelligence, wisdom, the virtues which constitute well-rounded character, ideality, moral principle and the religious sense, more conspicuous than among the sturdy yeomanry of whom he came. For his parents, he always manifested the high respect which is only generated in the young by mental vigor and moral genuineness and consistency. But, on the materials furnished by his birth and early training, he laid hold from the first, with remarkable insight and judgment, to carve out a career. He was defended by the modest prosperity of his home from the discouragements, which, on merely practical necessities, often waste, for the aspiring, the energies wanted, for generous aims. And he began, even as a boy, to utilize his resources towards the ends which, with increasing clearness, revealed themselves to his enthusiastic spirit. Full of vigor, he entered upon life, with a delight in it, an interest in it, which never abated. He was highly ambitious, but in nothing was he selfish. Eager for success, his striving was never for outward advancement or the surpassing of others, but for progress, for the development of his powers, for the increasing perfection of his work. From early youth he was magnetically drawn to intellectual self-culture. His love of learning was a passion. To mingle, through study, with the great ones of literature and history, was his absorbing delight. Books were meat and drink to him. To reach the happy expression of his own thought, was an exquisite satisfaction.

With a heart singularly pure, with large and fine ideals dawning there, with susceptibilities delicate and vivid, it was natural that the principle of religion should early be developed in him. He came to the ministry of religion by a natural gravitation. The great spiritual verities were apprehended by an intuition which grew in clearness and strength as long as he lived. Religion to him was life and joy. It was an attribute of his nature. Withal he was nothing of the ascetic or devotee. He did not greatly need the impulse and sup-

port which formal habits and practices are sought to supply. His piety was robust, practical, pervading his thought and conduct. With his largeness of mind and force of character, he could here, as in all parts of life, be nothing but an individualist. He was acutely sympathetic, always hungering for sympathy of others towards himself, their confidence in his motives, their appreciation of what he did. Yet he was as markedly independent in all his thinking and action. He had no trait finer than his lofty personal dignity. His self-respect was profound. He was in nothing vain, but he was proud. He never seemed to take the remotest thought as to the incidental effects of word or act, but only as to the truth and righteousness of what he said or did. He can never have qualified a single utterance from any consideration of its reaction upon himself. Perhaps he was thus led to occasional expressions which might have been mollified. But sharp as his denunciations sometimes were, there was never in them the spirit of unkindness. For all meanness, insincerity, moral timidity, he had a scorn that was magnificent. But he thoroughly respected a manly opponent, or the intelligent and ingenuous adherent of views to himself antiquated or irrational. To his co-workers and friends his loyalty was perfect, and one of his most beautiful traits was his lively appreciation of any excellence of their work, and his genuine happiness in any successes they attained. He loved to praise. Endowed with singular fluency and fertility of expression, and amply fortified by learning, he became one of the most capable and effective exponents of the liberal position in religion. His intellectual gifts were remarkable and were almost precociously manifested, as writings dating from his still youthful years exhibit. He acquired knowledge with the utmost facility and fully digested and appropriated his omniverous reading. He was born a poet, as was shown in his keen appreciation of the beauties of others' poetry almost more than in the grace and suggestiveness of his own. With good literature he became literally saturated, so that its felicities perpetually intruded themselves, almost to excess, into his own compositions. His style was copious and flowing; in his sermons, perhaps, too easy and familiar, partly from his almost confidential relations with his congregation, which was to him as a family. But the form of his strictly literary writings was thoroughly restrained and polished. His ardent moral sympathies enlisted him on the side of social and political reforms, and none of his sermons were more eloquent or more influential than those devoted to great public questions. The unruffled length of his single pastorate illustrates how completely he won the faith in him of those who knew him well.

No more honest, courageous, cheerful, diligent, religious soul has passed through earthly life. For the achievements of his long career of labor and self-culture he owed much to his glorious physical health, which could resist the ardor of the fires which burned within him, and sustain the incessancy of his easily maintained, yet wearing, literary and studious occupations. To a singularly well-balanced temperament, free from internal frictions; to the breadth and kindness of a mind superior to trivialities; to the cheerfulness of spirit with which he prosecuted the serious realities of life, he owed, perhaps, still more. Impulsive and ardent, a sober judgment commonly defended him from mistakes, and gave a marked consistency to the successive phases of his life. It can but be repeated, in every good sense, on which his coëvals have been privileged to look. The aims he early cherished, he abundantly realized. The attainments he strove for, he achieved. A long term of service rendered, in his chosen fields, a harvest with which even he might have been satisfied. In the world of learning and letters he reached an honorable place. His affectionate spirit clasped closely to him many a soul congenial to his own. His sweetness of nature, his over-welling good cheer, his responsiveness and ready humor, his social ease, made him widely welcome. His strong domestic affections were gratified in an ideal marriage. His practical wisdom and thrift led him to "guide his affairs with discretion" and secured a comfortable and graceful setting to his life of glad, unselfish toil.

What can we more say? This life was, for our dear friend, "happy" indeed. It was a wonderfully rounded, full, fruitful *success*. Under the Providence, which rules above us all, it was passed. On earth, save in its rich results, it is ended. "On what shore tarrieth he now?" His tale of work were well done, were it all. But his own faith was clear and firm in the abiding vitality and activity of such faculties and endowments as his own. It can hardly seem that Providence is rich enough in its instruments, to let such a ripened organism be dissolved. The strongest witness to our immortality is such a noble, capable, matured and well-trained soul.

Minot J. Savage, New York. I have neither the time nor the strength to attempt anything like an adequate estimate of the life, the character and the work of John W. Chadwick. I wish, however, to have my name appear among those that loved him, that will sorely miss him, and that honor his memory.

The greatest thing about him was his simple, fine manhood. He was a true and faithful friend. He was a strong and fearless preacher of the truth as he saw it. Being singularly free from prejudices and caring only for the truth, he was about as likely to see it as any of us could hope to be.

One might say that he was a brave and fearless man, only that I do not believe it ever occurred to him to think of himself as such. It was no effort for him to tell what he believed to be the truth, because I do not think he could conceive of himself as doing anything else.

He was never troubled by any questions as to majorities, or as to whether or not people would stand by him or take the other side. It was his business to be a faithful witness and leave the results to work themselves out in the growing intelligence of the world.

He was the despair of some of us who looked on in wonder at his ability to read and absorb all the literature of the time. I once asked him how he did it, and his simple reply was "I am a diligent reader." A diligent reader, a diligent writer, a diligent worker, these three indeed he was. He has left a clear and strong record of himself which will not soon fade away. But though his sermons may be some time forgotten, though his fine biographic work may some time be out of date, there are a few of his tender songs so dear to the human heart that they will not be forgotten. Sarah Flower Adams will be remembered in all the future for one hymn.

Blessed is he who can so touch the human heart that he is sure to be remembered by even so much as that.

I have long loved Chadwick as a friend, and this one thing so swallows up all other considerations that I do not find it easy to think or write of him in any other way.

S. J. Barrows, New York. What a gap of time and space between John White, the English rector of Old Dorchester, the father of the Massachusetts colony, and John White Chadwick, one of New England's noblest sons. At first there seems nothing but contrast between the life of the old Puritan and that of the Unitarian radical, living as they did two hundred and fifty years apart. But though separated by a cycle and an ocean, there are two interesting points of resemblance in their characters and their careers. They were both pioneers in the field of religion. In his day John White was not less radical than John Chadwick, though his radicalism took a totally different form. Both were born into the church they served, and neither of them left it. They were Protestants within their own communion. It seemed at one time as if Unitarianism might be too inelastic to hold John Chadwick; but its fellowship was less rigid and more inclusive that at first it appeared. It was broader and more advanced when he died than when he was born, and John Chadwick did his share in keeping the doors open and the aisles broad.

His was a rich, large and fruitful nature. Capacities which are often dissevered were in mind united. It is seldom that the critical and the poetical faculties, such mastery of rhythm and mastery of prose, are combined in the degree that they were in Mr. Chadwick. Somehow his enormous power to absorb and digest books never interfered with his creative spirit, and the skill and acuteness with which he analyzed in his book reviews did not check poetic impulses. Radical as he was in thought, he was conservative in many practical matters in which change would have disturbed some treasured association.

His memory was prodigious, but not promiscuous; the things he retained were the things worth knowing. His conversation was enriched with a thousand allusions, all of which came out as naturally as blossoms burst on a stalk.

For the sixteen years I was editor of the *Christian Register* John Chadwick was a helpful and an unfailing contributor to the literary and editorial departments. I doubt if any one in the Unitarian fellowship has written so voluminously in these forty years, and who whether we consider form or substance, has written better.

The friendship beginning even before the *Register* days, has grown mellower and richer as the days have gone by, and in the last four years has strengthened with the intimacy of personal intercourse. Impossible is it to describe the aroma of this friendship so beautifully exhaled.

The music of his own sweet song is singing in every heart that knew him:

> "More homelike seems the vast unknown,
> Since he has entered there."

The "Auld Lang Syne" of earthly friendship echoes as if from across the grave:

> 'Tis hard to take the burden up
> When these have laid it down;
> They brightened all the joy of life,
> They softened every frown,
> But, oh! 'tis good to think of them
> When we are troubled sore
> Thanks be to God that such have been
> Although they are no more!

W. I. Nichols, General Secretary, Bureau of Charities, Brooklyn, N. Y. I have enjoyed the special privilege of having Mr. Chadwick as a near neighbor during the past eight years, living within two blocks of his home, and in returning from the numerous meetings which we both attended I frequently had the pleasure of a chat with him. What he had to say on questions of public interest was more interesting and profitable generally than what we had been hearing. He did not hold any one at a distance, on the contrary he seemed to welcome the companionship of those who had far less to give him than he gave them.

It was delightful to go to his home and to find him in his pleasant study not off in a remote part of the house but an extension of the parlor, with his choice collection of books and pictures about him. Mrs. Chadwick was always at his table, engaged with him in his literary occupation and his enjoyment of his work seemed to be due in large degree to his sense of her full participation in it with him. It is difficult to imagine two persons entering more completely together into their common work.

They never made their visitors feel that they were interrupting but always took them into the enjoyment of the books which were open on the table or the manuscript lying on the desk.

Mr. Chadwick liked to share his treasures and he had a wonderful power of enabling others to appreciate them. He had an almost unequaled capacity for reading, and the essence of many profound books which most persons have not time to read, nor ability to understand directly he reproduced in his simple and charming style so that his hearers and readers could benefit by the thought. Many are indebted to Mr. Chadwick for a knowledge of valuable books which they have read with his eyes, and which have been illuminated for them by his brilliant mind.

I consider that his Sunday discourses were more interesting, and edifying and stimulating, more worth hearing and reading than those of any other preacher of his time. He has done more than any other preacher of the last quarter of a century to promote rational thought on religious subjects. If his process of reasoning was not always logical, his vision of truth was wonderfully distinct and clear. His method of presenting truth changed with advancing years, but he did not grow less radical. He never reacted from his advanced positions in thought, but went forward steadily. His thinking was sound and clear, and helped to promote clear thinking. His influence in behalf of free thought was due to his absolute sincerity, to his fearlessness and to his good will. It was perfectly evident that he was not keeping anything back, or conforming his thought in any respect to the views of others. He was not afraid to give offence, and yet less often than most free thinkers, did he offend. He always spoke the truth in love. No one, however, much objecting to what he said felt that he was moved by any bitter animosity.

It was good to know that we should always have from him a statement on any subject exactly as he saw it, and moreover, it was good to know that he would surely have an opinion on every important question of present interest and would be sure to speak upon it. His sermons were always timely. Though his subjects usually were selected and announced sometime in advance, he never lost opportunity to introduce an allusion to the question of the day, and this brief mention expressed in his inimitable language was more telling than a lengthy argument. The vein of humor which often appeared gave a charm to his speaking and writing. This sometimes passed over into satire, which he himself felt to be one of his defects, which he tried to resist, but which I think few of his friends would wish him to have omitted though it was sometimes against their cherished opinions or traditions.

To those who so loved him and took delight in hearing him, it is unaccountable that in a city of three million inhabitants there should not have been every Sunday more than his little church could hold who could not forego the pleasure and the privilege of hearing him. We have here another instance of the fact that was manifested in London when Martineau was delivering his matchless sermons that even in a great multitude only a few can appreciate the best things.

And yet these leaders have a hearing and a power far beyond what is indicated by the number of those who constitute their apparent audience. Their words shape the thought of succeeding generations, when those who preached to vast congregations are forgotten. It is so with Channing and Parker whose influence Mr. Chadwick has done so much to increase in his recent interpretation of their lives, and in time to come not only will his name and his fame be linked with theirs, but he will be recognized as having added to their gift to mankind, poetic and literary and spiritual treasures of highest worth. Like them he has been cut off as it seems to human sight too soon, but these lives which appear short as men count years are often those which prove to have greatest and most lasting influence.

Francis Tiffany, Cambridge, Mass. Innumerable the hearts left behind to feel that, in the death of John W. Chadwick, there went from us a man who in kindred association with many another son or daughter of consolation—last tender tributes we would fain pay to our departed ones. Widely as he was known for his preaching, for the inspiring biographies he wrote, and for the variety and wealth of his literary criticisms, he was yet more widely and tenderly treasured for certain of his poems—poems, which even at the grave-side have carried to bereaved souls balm, cheer and visualized faith in a divine hospitality of welcome into realms beyond.

It is painful so much as to allude to certain still lingering survivals of the past, which tend to throw a pall of gloom and terror over the funeral rites in usage among thousands. But it is necessary to do it with a single illustration, to emphasize by contrast the sunnier and more devoutly-trustful spirit breathing in the soul of our "beloved disciple, John."

Who among us but has stood by an open grave and there witnessed a scene that has filled his soul with mingled horror and wrath over what seemed an act of sheer brutality? It is, for example, a gusty, marrow-piercing winter afternoon. The coffin containing the body of a husband is lowered into the grave, and there by the brink stands the heart-broken young widow. Gracious God! is there not enough in the bleak spectacle itself to chill the blood in her veins with a sense of the mere material side of death? Is it absolutely necessary, lest she should fail to be duly impressed, that each time the words, "earth to earth," "dust to dust," "ashes to ashes," are uttered, they should be emphasized by flinging down into the grave clods of hard-frozen earth, to reverberate from the hollow sounding-board of the coffin? Alas! it is not on the insensate surface of the coffin-lid these frozen clods thud down with their brutal, cavernous echo. It is on the heart of the broken sufferer they smite with knells of desolation and despair. And yet on tens of thousands of such victims is this cruel relict of a barbaric past still inflicted at no end of funeral services—though, God be thanked! now at last modified in a few exceptional quarters of the land, by the use of handfuls of noiseless sand. Yet this was no barbarian woman out of the depths of the aboriginal Teutonic forests, whom nothing less barbaric could be relied on to rouse to a due sense of mortality. She was a tender, sensitive, desolate wife and mother.

Happily, in these more recent days, it has grown to be customary at funeral services, after the reading of sublime and consolatory passages from the Bible, to repeat some of the later utterances of men lifted to psalm and hymn by the same spirit of divine inspiration as breathed of old—of men, say, like Whittier, Gannett and Hosmer. God is not dead, nor has he ceased to beget dearly beloved sons with fresh revelations from on high, trembling on their lips. Preeminent among them stood John Chadwick; and who among us but, in conducting the last services over a dear friend, has recited a brief poem of his, which has made all present say: "From whose dear, comforting heart did those words come? I must have them, and commit them to memory, that often in the silent watches of the night I may repeat them to myself."

The poem is called "The Other Side," and in it is expressed the yearning and hope with which all trustful souls seek to envisage the scenes of the life beyond. But Mr. Chadwick's treatment of this theme is so unspeakably more human and endearing than the ordinary or conventional one. He calls up the picture of a traveler climbing the shaggy crest of a mountain. All the way up he is marveling what vision of the other side will greet his eyes when once he has gained the topmost height; only to find at the summit that not one of his dreams has come true, while better far he has attained.

> "Who knows, I thought, but so 'twill prove
> Upon that mountain-top of death,
> Where we shall draw diviner breath
> And see the long-lost friends we love.
>
> It may not be as we have dreamed,
> Not half so awful, strange and grand;
> A quiet, peaceful, homelike land
> Better than e'er in vision gleamed."

Ah! to witness the long-drawn breath of liberating relief with which the reading of this little poem is at once from all sides greeted. The sunny, loving, home-nestling heart of the dear fellow has come, throb for throb, into touch with the heart of his kindred. Here is something "better far" than a thousand "New Jerusalems" descending from heaven, with their pavements of gold and columns of jasper!

In this memorial tribute to the services and character of John W. Chadwick others will duly rehearse his great work as preacher, thinker, reformer, biographer, devoted servant of his especial people. I have felt impelled to confine myself to this one aspect of his influence, on which so often I have witnessed a special benediction from on high to rest.

Richard W. Boynton, St. Paul, Minn. Personally, I knew Mr. Chadwick but slightly. As a boy I heard him preach on a summer Sunday in the old church at Meeting-House Hill, Dorchester. Later I heard him a few times at conferences, and talked with him once or twice briefly. Of his printed sermons I never read many, nor do I know much of his earlier books. His contributions of the last dozen years to the *New World*, to the *Christian Register*, and to UNITY, and his three later books, "Old and New Unitarian Belief," and the lives of Parker and Channing, are the chief sources of my knowledge of him; not to forget his hymns and poems, some of which seem destined to sing themselves in human hearts long after his other writings have vanished. Counting myself thus among the large number of those, beyond reach of the living voice and of the personal touch, who knew him only through the influence that

spread from his fertile pen, I am glad to give these few impressions, aware that they do far less than justice to the full measure of the man.

For at least ten years I have seen nothing with John Chadwick's name to it that I have not read, and the feeling that grows stronger with the sense that he is gone is well expressed in a friend's letter. "His influence was so dynamic, so vital, that it is taking a large piece out of life to take him from us."

Primarily, I think of him as a poet. He not only wrote verse himself, but freely quoted it from others. Some quotations almost came to belong to him, he made them so much his own by happy use. But he was also a prophet. Warm and generous as was his heart, yet there was a great earnestness of soul in him that did not fail of the heroic height. He could cry aloud and spare not, when there was need. He gave the prophet's praise and blame in the smaller and the greater emergencies of our national life. Imperialism and all its works he could not abide. It was anathema to him. His sonnet "Timeo Danaos," printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* last February, showed the prophetic blending with and mastering the poetic mood. He never wrote better poetry or spoke with a more solemn earnestness of tone than when he warned his countrymen against these smooth tongued Greeks of current statesmanship, bearing their hollow and perilous gifts of empire.

But Mr. Chadwick's work as a literary man and a critic bulked larger, to us who saw him from a distance, than any other. He was not infallible. He cherished robust opinions which may have sometimes made his criticism too sweeping. His style was not always perfectly smooth, but it had a strong ease that carried you along. The amount and range of his book-reviewing was enormous, and his judgments were always stimulating, always sane, and always kind in motive if sometimes severe in form. His special learning lay chiefly in the realms of modern theology and history, in the more scientific aspects of both. But the field in which he was most at home was biography. His masterly essays in the *New World*, on "Benjamin Jowett" and "Thomas Henry Huxley" are earlier witnesses to his skill in this sort of writing, which at length rose to his crowning achievement in the lives of Parker and Channing.

One can only use the language of unqualified enthusiasm in speaking of these two biographies. Few better than the "Channing," I believe, have ever been written; and the "Parker" falls hardly a jot behind. Each is more than a mere "life" of its subject. Rather it is a full-bodied narrative, in which the currents of debate that shaped the changing scene amid which that subject moved are carefully traced to aid us in seeing how he grew. This sense of the growing man in Channing, as Mr. Chadwick drew him, is very strong. Both books are portraits, evidently to the life, in which the background in painted in as skilfully as the figure. The spirit of both these mighty and prophetic men more evidently lives to-day because John Chadwick so faithfully entered into their work and pictured them in it for our instruction and delight.

As a thinker he grew steadily and without abatement. Always radical, in the sense of going to the roots of the matter and of following reason whither it led, he was surely no less so as the years went by. But a great tenderness dwelt within him and a lovely devoutness of soul which ripened and sweetened to the end. His going now is a great loss, that nothing I have said begins to express.

> "Thanks be to God that such have been
> Although they are no more."

Nathalie W. Homans, Brooklyn, N. Y. John White Chadwick! How the name thrills with life! What a vivid and noble personality it brings before us! so rich, full, and varied was that life whose steadfast purpose it was "to rescue from the flying hours something of immortal excellence." While he lived, he *lived* indeed, and now we cannot make him dead. The solemn responsibility if life's opportunity forever urged him on. "The time is short," he said, therefore

> "See that no minute's glow
> Of all the shining hours unheeded goes;
> No fount of rightful joy by thee untasted flows."

And from each spring of joy he drank so deep that it became for him a Fountain of Eternal Youth. Nothing escaped his eager soul and sense. What a genius for friendship was his! What wealth of love he gave and received! In the majestic order and beauty of the world, in every aspect of its varying loveliness; in literature and art; in men and women and little children; and, above all, in work, his blessed work, he found inspiration and refreshment and delight. It is said that a man's task is his life-preserver, and it was just that for him, for in very truth he worked himself—not to death but—to life, life.

We think of him in a hundred different ways, as one aspect or another of his many-sided life comes back to mind and heart. We recall the happy hours in his pleasant Study, where his friends were always sure to find a welcome, and to find him ready and eager to read aloud to them some bit of poetry, some noble passage, if haply he might share his pleasure in whatever book he had in hand. We see him at table, where his quaint humor had full play, or at the many pleasant gatherings of which he was a part; at lecture, conference and club; and we remember the rare privilege afforded by his Shakespeare lectures and his Class in Current Literature. Beautiful and sweet impressions these, precious memories all. Yet they "fade in the light of the meaning sublime" of his best and noblest work—his work as a minister of religion. Above all others he brought home to us afresh "the mystery and glory of the world, the significance of our mortal life, the immediate presence with us of the infinite and everlasting God." For this revelation of God and for the high ideals to which he held us, for his love and service of the Truth, for his lofty faith, his open mind, his wide human sympathies—for all the beautiful and inspiring work of his long years of ministry we can not be too glad and grateful.

But the last word has not been spoken until we have said that our deepest gratitude is not so much for what he *did* as for what he *was;* that his highest achievement was his own character; and that in the imperishable qualities of his brave and faithful soul he has written a sermon more beautiful and impressive than any spoken word, and one that shall outlast the printed page. While he lived, his life was one of steadfast fidelity to the best and highest things, and going hence

he has "left upon the mountain-tops of Death a light that makes them lovely."

We have had him and we have lost him—lost him from our sight, but not from our hearts. Death may take what it can, but "here he abides and will abide always." Thank God, "the past, at least, is secure. It has gone into our structures. It has gone into our lives, with all its sermons, hynms and prayers, all its gatherings together, all its glad response to new and higher revelation of the infinite and eternal God."

Holding him in tender, reverent, and loving memory, we ask ourselves what we can do to show our gratitude for him to whom we owe so much, and in answer we hear his voice summoning us to build into the structure of our lives those qualities which make for better, truer, nobler character, for righteousness and love. So doing we shall build a memorial which shall not be unworthy of him "whose eyes regard us from the solemn stillness of the eternal years."

O friend and helper!

"Thy body sleeps; but ever wakes thy heart
In all good things; in every better part
That men can choose for whom thy living truth
Has something in it of immortal youth.
Through thee more bright the spangled heavens glow;
Through thee more sweet the summer roses blow;
More fair through thee the stormy winter flies,
And each new May is lovelier in our eyes.
Best gift of all, through thee the yearning soul
Holds sweeter converse with the Eternal Whole;
Knows that God *is;* not *was,* and now is dead;
Knows that God speaks wherever truth is sped;
That never justice makes us greatly dare,
Or love resign, but God himself is there.
Blessed our eyes that we thy face have seen!
Our minds more blest that they so oft have been
With thine in heavenly places! Yea and there,
Where conquering souls shall breathe immortal air,
O blessed hope, that we may hail some day
Thy great soul holding its eternal way."

Charles Gordon Ames, Church of The Disciples, Boston, Mass. O rare John Chadwick! The world is indeed richer because he has lived and moved in it; but it is such a noisy, rushing world that he will not long be missed save by those who were nearest to him, nor will the vast quantity and fine quality of his work find more than a passing mention in the columns which are crowded with the records of sayings and doings which deserve to be forgotten.

He was a born literateur, and followed his genius. Not even the **daimon** of Socrates was more commanding, nor was Paul more obedient to the heavenly vision. Even as a preacher, he was chiefly an author, and each closely written sermon was like a little book. But it blazed like a star with honest love of truth, and throbbed like a heart with warm human interest. And if he was never noted for power of persuasion and appeal, he yet drew around him an eager company who found his word profitable for instruction in righteousness. In questions of principle, when did he ever strike a false note, or pander to a low standard?

In conversation, I half dreaded to have him touch upon books; for he was sure to ask if I had read this, that, or the other; and generally I had not. But he seemed to "keep up" with the advance of authorship, and his memory was like a well-stocked library, in which he could generally lay his hand on what he wanted. His wide acquaintance with literature gave special value to the thousands of "book notices" which he dashed off; for he knew better than most others when an author had broken new ground, or had merely duplicated, with or without bettering the work of predecessors.

He was generous as well as rapid in his judgment; yet frank in expressing a difference, for he took sides with such a curious blending of personal and impersonal interest that he could pronounce the severest Rhadamanthione sentence with a kindly smile on his fruity lips, and I doubt not with a kindly feeling in his big heart. Loyalty to truth and hearty hatred of shams and pretenses went along with a capacity for righteous indignation, in which was no trace of malice.

As a citizen, he was public-spirited, clear-minded and courageous; and he has lived in a time when it behooved every honest man to mount guard and play the detective. Swift to arrest and arraign conspirators against civilization and ever ready to speak for the dumb, he abominated unjust uses of power, denounced imperialism, jingoism and militarism; and from pure tenderness of heart, could, if need were, have touched off a cannon. It was a great fortune for this poet-prophet, this student of God's truth and man's welfare, that he had in his veins the blood of a Marblehead seaman.

Such blood, when it climbed to a soul could only work in freedom, brooking no hindrance from without or from within. This gave him ready command of his faculties, uncommon joy in their exercise, and confidence in standing up to their verdicts, as one

"Not tied unto the world with care
Of public fame or private breath."

I could envy those who are to testify of his religious comprehensiveness, his knightly part in the modern crusade against theological obscurantism and ecclesiastical pretension, and still more of his bird-like songs, his workman-like contributions to current enlightenment, and especially his lives of Parker and Channing. And then his generous comradeship—his genius for friendship! To have looked in his kind and honest eyes, to have felt the warmth of his handclasp, to have found the door of his heart wide open, to have exchanged signals with a man who lived, greatly, simply and without question in nature and in the human world, as being and having a happy child's place and part in it all—these are things to hold fast among one's treasures! And I cannot think it will take him long to feel at home "on any sea or shore" to which his new migration may take him.

Theodore C. Williams, Hackley Upper School, Tarrytown-on-Hudson. Dear Friend: I dare to boast that of all the younger men no one could have loved John Chadwick more than I. From the first day I came to New York he seemed to make room for me in his great heart, full as it was of many worthier friends. The years brought changes and trials to us both. But never did he fail of wisdom, faith and cheer. As a counsellor in times of perplexity he had few equals. His keen insight into character, widened by metropolitan life, and deepened by his incessant biographical studies gave him shrewd judgment of any situation involving complex motive or delicate personal adjustments. Yet he was as unworldly as he was shrewd. Few men ever cared so little for cheap popularity or material rewards. Yet, like all who have the poet's temper, he loved the "fit audience" and the approval of the best judges was always sweet to him.

One thinks of him first as the scholar. To share his talk was to take a dip in the main-stream of the intellectual life of our time. It was not merely his enormous reading that give this impression, but

that all books to him were but as windows of his house through which he looked out upon the interesting landscape of human life. Never did I know so great a scholar who was less a book-worm. Books were his being. He read incessantly. But he kept a free, creative mind. He brought to incessant reading that "spirit and judgment equal or superior" which Milton counselled.

His poetry had a broadly human outlook. He cared little for subtleties of versification. He loved the good old-fashioned forms and the plain speech of daily living. His verse reached elevation not seldom; but always by vigor or breadth of thought, not by strangeness of style. It was sturdy, democratic poetry, always clear, simple and unpretending. His models were the ethical, sane poets, Lowell, Whittier, Wordsworth. Those poets whose very language has a certain foreign and fantastic quality, were certainly not of his school. Some of his hymns have a lasting place. It is to be regretted he did not write hymns more frequently. For his verse has all the qualities that make a good hymn—the lyrical impulse, in language close to prose, and lofty thought which he who runs may read.

In treating public questions his ethical passion flamed sometimes to the real prophetic fire. I think his most notable eloquence was when his politics roused his conscience. Those of us who are old enough to remember the fiery tribe of abolitionists, and the transcendentalists of Emerson's generation, found in Chadwick their worthy heir.

First, last and always he was the mystic. All his many-sided interests had their personal centre in his first-hand vision of God. He was a true priest, much as he disliked that word. Without argumentation, ritual or creed, but by the vital uplift of his own faith he made men aware of a divine horizon to their lives. As scholar, writer, poet, he joyfully used his brilliant gifts. But only as the minister of religion did he fully express himself. Surely the hope of the church, if there is to be a twentieth century church, must be in prophets of Chadwick's quality, men to whom nothing human is alien, but to whom in no narrow sense, we give the old and reverent title, the Man of God.

Newton Mann, Omaha, Neb. My acquaintance with Mr. Chadwick dates from "the battle of Syracuse," as Frank Abbot proudly called the heroic stand of a few "youths" for what long after and without heroism was frankly accorded. I do not recall that he was among the speakers at Syracuse, but I do recall, as though it were yesterday, his enthusiasm over a revolutionary speech made at that (or was it at the next) meeting by C. C. Burleigh, a strange figure, somehow suggesting a Hebrew prophet. He showed me enough of his spirit in that Conference to fasten me to him, and a little later, when I was settled in Troy, and so within neighboring distance of Brooklyn, we had occasional opportunities of meeting, and on all occasions he won upon me more and more. He was then not thirty years old, and of very youthful appearance; "a country boy," as one of his most ardent admirers characterized his looks, but showing rare gifts, something like literary genius, to those who knew him well. Unfortunately for our better acquaintance, my stay within easy reach of Brooklyn was short, and after 1870 I saw him only infrequently. But as by that time he was much in print, there was no difficulty in my keeping up a knowledge of his thought.

Mr. Chadwick was easily our foremost literary preacher, our best critic, our cleverest expositor of men and things. For one who published so much he wrote little that for the substance or for the form he could after wish to expunge. If ever anything led him astray in criticism it was his commendable love of a good jest. His writing was clearness itself, but without the marked features which relieve some persons of the need of appending their signatures. His omnivorous reading and remarkable power of assimilation seem to have given him a style in which there were the features of so many of the masters of English that any peculiarity that might be distinctly his own was effaced or absorbed, leaving him free to seek the best expression. He knew how to accumulate and render available a vast store of apt quotation with which his pages gleam and sparkle; and indeed it often had to be a gem of a quotation to be any brighter than the setting.

There was such a wholesomeness and healthfulness, such vigor and strength there were in what this man said and did, that death was never in my mind associated with him. His readers could never see that he was touched with any infirmity. So to us in the distance his passing was of the most unexpected. The loss is not to be measured; it is one that we who have shared his thought and known his love shall never cease to feel, for with him has gone something of the most precious out of our lives.

Who is there that will sing such a requiem for him as he sang for Dr. Bellows? Far more truly than he modestly said of his subject in that unforgettable effort, must he "go unsung."

Arthur M. Judy in *Old and New.* I have never read a sermon or a chapter written by

I have never read a sermon or a chapter written by John White Chadwick but that it brought occasion to remember my first personal acquaintance with him. We had ridden down Keene Valley's entrancing slopes to dine with him at the home of a friend to whom he was dear. After dinner we sat beneath the shade of the great elms, the while the sun swung westward from Dial's meridian line to sink to rest in a glory of flame amid the peaks of the Gothics. It was such an afternoon as one who reveres genius could not forget. For surely only genius could have fetched from the hidden pages of memory such a stream of choicest poetry as fell that day from his facile lips. Was any English poet, major or minor, ancient or modern, unknown to him, we thought, as he recited verse after verse, poem after poem, in those hours when every scene and circumstance was to us summer's rarest lyric. The celerity and the precision with which the lines and stanzas were rendered as easily as the swallow cuts the air and as faultlessly, the beauty and the delightsomeness of the selection—as it were the purified quintessence of the stream of English poetry—ah, how rare and dear those gemlike hours of his recitation, set in the golden memory of youth's brightest days! That memory being thus always with us, how inevitable that we should expect, what you will scarcely ever fail to find on every page of his writing, some perfect word or line quoted with felicitous effectiveness.

For it is to be said decisively that John White Chadwick was the most gifted man of letters among our Unitarian clergy. We have ministers not a few whose sermons, now and then, are literature of high order, but difficult is it to turn to any of the multitudinous pages of Mr. Chadwick's books and sermons which do not bear the hall-mark of a culture as wide in its range

as it was delicate in its appreciations and discriminations. Lowell may have his fling at the rows of unreadable sermons that may have been found in the old-fashioned parson's library, but it is hard to believe that our preacher-poet has not put a quality into his sermons that will constitute them literature for years to come. 'Tis true they have not served the need of doctrinal exposition as effectively as the everywhere popular sermons by Mr. Savage, but it is not improbable that their durability of influence will bring the two into a well balanced equation ere their work is done.

But from that beautiful day's visit one gathered the assurance that Mr. Chadwick possessed that which made him dearer to the heart than any gift of letters could make a man—nothing less than the genius for friendliness. In a moment, as it were, he had caught us up to his level and taken us to his heart. How graciously he seemed to find something of worth in what we—mere youngsters in the world of ideas—had to say! And when the western sun bade us cut short the charmed hours, how loathe he seemed to have us go—how lingeringly the last words got themselves said.

A little testimony this to his gift of friendliness, but 'tis of the sort multitudes could bear, and so possess the value of truly reporting one of the finest features of his many-sided character.

And when one thinks of his books, whether prose or poetry, whether a biographical appreciation, or a critical discussion, how like a gracious benediction is this quality of friendliness diffused through all their pages! As Louisa Alcott, pre-eminent in the spirit of playfulness, wrought that spirit into all her scenes and sallies and thereby lent them a quality enduringly dear to gentle readers, so, in similarwise, must one believe that because Mr. Chadwick was a man of great heart, of abounding good will, of gracious kindliness, of genial fairness, of simple truthfulness, he has wrought into the texture of his writings a worth of character that will lend them a more enduring charm and power than his literary grace could lend, surpassing as that was.

Henry Hoyt Moore, Brooklyn, N. Y. One thing that particularly impressed me about Mr. Chadwick was that, though he was a man of books, he was not a bookish man. That is, his supreme interest was in life rather than in the printed record of it. He loved good books, and it was always a source of wonder and joy to me to see with what unerring taste he selected the good ones. Whenever I saw him in that cozy study-parlor of his, he had some book of real substance to show me, that he was engaged in reading. But he was always glad to talk about the men and movements that lay behind the books, and he brought the same weighty judgment to bear on these as on purely literary matters. His interest in the social problem, the labor problem, was great and steadily tended toward an increasing liberality in spite of many conservative influences. Passing his young manhood amid the throes of civil war consequent upon a system that made our nation half slave, half free, he stood steadfastly in his later years for freedom for brown men as well as black. It was good to hear his vigorous speech in private as well as public comment on anything that interested him. His conversation never seemed to me as brilliant as his writing. But it was measured, sententious, weighty, and pervaded with a delightful humor. He was never at a loss for some happy quotation to illustrate his point, and frequently he would go and get a volume to see the exact words, or ask Mrs. Chadwick to find it for him (and she was almost as familiar with his books as he was), and then he would turn directly to the place he had in mind, and almost always found the words as he had quoted them and then came upon something else just as good. I asked him once how he managed to read through such thick volumes as Morley's life of Gladstone and Myers's great work on Immortality in addition to doing all his other work. "Why, I like to read," he said simply. He liked to give his friends tidbits from his new books. He was a rare conversationalist in his courtesy towards his friends. He listened to them as if their words were as well worth hearing as his own. It was doubtless this quality of deferential listening that enabled him to make those unerring estimates of the character of his parishioners which during his long pastorate he was so frequently called upon to make, in his brief but exquisitely worded tributes to departed friends. These tender and appropriate tributes were as balm to sorrowing hearts in his congregation, and their effect upon his hearers was often to make them feel that it would be almost worth while to die in order that one's memory might be enshrined in one of those exquisite panegyrics, so full of insight, of generous appreciation, and of tender sympathy.

George Batchelor, Editor The Christian Register, Boston, Mass. I have already written so much concerning our friend Chadwick for the columns of the *Christian Register* that it does not seem to me fitting that I should take space which might be occupied by many others who would like to offer their tribute of love and admiration for him. I will speak therefore only of a phase of our friendship which was probably unique, and which shows a side of his character which everyone could not see.

For more than forty years after our acquaintance and friendship began in Cambridge, communication between us was frequent and friendship was unbroken by even a single jar. I had the room No. 1, Divinity Hall, directly underneath the one in which Mr. Chadwick spent three years, and which was once occupied by Theodore Parker. It soon became his custom to drop in about nine o'clock, which to him was the beginning of the evening, and spend a quarter of an hour in talk before he settled down to the serious business of the night. His light was seldom extinguished before one o'clock. From that time until the day before his death our intercourse was unbroken. The peculiarity of our relations is shown by the fact that very largely our intercourse was based not upon agreements, but upon a balanced antagonism. We never saw persons or ideas at the same angle, truth had different aspects for us, and we constantly sharpened our wits and cleared our minds of cant and prejudice by mutual conference and criticism. We differed, for instance, in our estimate of the work and character of Parker and Garrison, the rank and teaching of the Apostle Paul, the philosophies of Weissman and Kidd, various presidents of the United States, and numerous questions concerning the practical administration of denominational affairs and national politics. Because of his untiring energy and voluminous correspondence, he was my one friend with whom I had continuous relations of this kind. He could censure without malice, receive criticism without wrath, and was often misunderstood because he could conduct with entire serenity and good will, controversies which in other men would have implied some abiding root of bitterness. With all his frank criticism of the men and measures that seemed to deserve rebuke, and his resolute demeanor in the pres-

ence of scornful opponents, he was yet as tender as a woman, and singularly dependent upon the sympathy and fellowship of his fellow creatures. His most affectionate letters usually followed his most vigorous contentions, and so he illustrated Samson's riddle, "Out of the strong come forth sweetness."

Charles F. Dole, Jamaica Plains. Our friend was altogether a man, a person, in the largest sense of the word. He was a man on the physical side with a robust, vigorous, hearty, manly presence, with his massive head and noble face, ready to kindle into light at every motion of a thought or a feeling.

He was a whole man in his intellect, clear, quick, far-reaching, bright and gay on the surface, profound in its depths, drawing on the most varied stores of an ample and beautiful memory, fed from the inexhaustible and mysterious sources of that divine mind out of which all truth proceeds.

He was wholly a man in his appreciation and keen enjoyment of the realm of beauty; sensitive to every delicate touch of nature, to the grandeur of the hills, to the varying moods of the sea whose fascination was in his veins by right of the ancestry of sea-faring men, to the works of artists and painters and poets. He was a poet himself.

He was an all-souled man on the side of conscience and his moral sense. He was like one of the old prophets in his vision of the great ethical ideals towards which the individual, the family, the city, the nation and all human society move and grow, by which they are measured and judged. He spoke and he wrote with the authority of the prophet, earnest, eloquent, never content with things as they are—a practical idealist

He was a whole man in his friendship, genial, generous, kindly, approachable, ready both to give and to take, frank, sincere, tolerant, hospitable to opinions as well as to the person who brought them, growingly lovable to the end.

He was altogether a man in his simple and rational religion, reverent and worshipful toward the realm of the unseen and eternal, faithful to death to righteousness and truth, a great believer in the Divine Universe, quite trustful and stirring others to trust, in the presence of the mysteries of life and death, in every particular, a man of the beatitudes, of faith, hope and love.

When we see a man like this man, we know that we have seen one of the sons of God. When we believe in such a man and admire him, we doubtless worship God. When we love him, it is the love of God. When anyone asks us why we hope for the immortal life, we answer that it is because we have seen the flash of the immortal life in the face of our friends. For we hold that in the person of a real and true man we find the secret of the universe.

James T. Bixby, Yonkers, N. Y. In the loss of John White Chadwick, the Unitarian denomination has lost one of its great men and the world of letters one of its most distinguished ornaments. As prophet and poet, citizen and critic he was a notable figure in the public life of America. His pluck and courage raised him from the lowliest of callings to become one of the foremost citizens of the great metropolis where he had made his home. His heart always beat warmly for every cause that might benefit humanity and he was never lacking in the candor and bravery needed to express his convictions, however that expression might run counter to the prejudices and conventionalities about him. But ardent and out-flaming as was his indignation against every form of injustice or invasion of human rights, his moral enthusiasm was always tempered with charity and seasoned with wit. He had a saving sense of humor; and keen as his sarcasm often was it was never unkind. In this fascinating blending of moral fire and intellectual scintillation, this happy wreathing of the thunderbolts of righteous wrath with the flowers of graceful fancy or pleasant anecdote, Mr. Chadwick was unique.

He was unique, too, in that remarkable combination of homely and forceful oratory with the subtlest and profound thought and that striking union of plain and homespun personal appearance with the finest graces of advanced culture which made him such a notable figure in all public gatherings.

And above and beneath and within all was that genial, true-hearted manhood, that sincerity and good-will that was so much more than any of his literary or poetic or intellectual endowments. It was, indeed, this genuine kindliness of soul that drew so strongly to him those who had but slight personal acquaintance with him and especially made those who were privileged with fuller opportunities of knowing him feel that they had in him a friend so sterling, sweet and broad, so simple, true and direct that the doors of their hearts opened involuntarily to greet him and a deep assurance henceforth possessed them that no shift of personal interest, no passing political or ecclesiastical division, no fickle eddy of popular prejudice or passion would ever lead him to withdraw the sincere affection and respect he had ever once given to a brother worker in the sacred cause of humanity.

Samuel B. Stewart, Lynn, Mass. We shall deeply miss John Chadwick as the sweet musician of the liberal faith, for everything that came from his hand had a lyric touch, even a discussion of theology or a literary criticism. He was like no other. His coming to the Divinity School is fresh in m n in such rapturous quest of knowledge, with such deep breathing of nature and life, always so buoyant and full of admiration; his view of things as unique as the quality and inflection of his voice. Those were critical times, so many were straying away from customary theological routes after the creeds of nature and the creeds of reason and the creeds of humanity. Chadwick, among others, had his vision; not many years afterward it came out clear to us in his brilliant papers on the *Faith of Reason, a Daring Faith,* and kindred themes.

But his belief never crystallized into dogmatic shape. He was always a preacher of a growing go pel resting firm in the ancient ground of universal law and love and expanding knowledge.

Certain classic phrases—"religion touched with emotion," "sweet reasonableness," "religion of healthy mindedness" and so forth, seem somehow to me to express something that was characteristic of his discourse. whether sermonic or literary, and to have won him a friendship and sympathy which, as the preacher of an unpopular theology, he might otherwise have lost. And how sure he was of God and Heaven—Theodore Parker never more intuitively so—his sweet and comforting poems of heavenly things and of immortal love abundantly attest.

These are some of the things that have endeared him to us, all the while they have given wings to our liberal religion.

He has been a beautiful example of the studious

and consecrated ministry of light and love. What wonder and delight to us his delicate handling of theological problems, his scholarship and mastery of literature, his appreciation, and his swift, versatile expression—his prose continually drifting into poetry.

From start to finish the forty years course was run valiantly and songfully; for him and for us his life was a victory.

Mrs. Dean Bangs, Chicago.—

"How far and safe, God, dost thou keep thy saints
When once gone from us."

Alas, how hard to say it of such as John White Chadwick! Gone from us, we who needed him so, we who loved and appreciated him and are so greatly indebted to him for the precious legacy of his life and writings (now our only compensation). How can we spare him? As preacher, biographer, reviewer, poet, when did he ever fail to stimulate, refresh and inspire? true always to the "mark of his high calling." Truly was he a member of that "Holy Order." "A friend and aider of all those who would live in the spirit." How sympathetic and true to nature, home and life were all his hymns and poems, and it is of these, more especially, that I would fain say a word of heartfelt gratitude and appreciation, so responsive were they to the best within us, so applicable to the various needs and conditions of our lives. When we are shocked and grieved by the low standards and examples of men in high places of whom we expected better things, at the civic unrighteousness all through the land, do we not often think of his mild but searching rebuke—"If the good were only better would the wicked be so bad?" Do we often try to evade or put off a plain duty, he immediately tells us,

"But her bondage is so sweet
And her burdens make us strong."

And does the New Year seem to bring us a darker outlook with shadows instead of shine, he bids us take note of the many beautiful things it may bring us

"Of happy work that better is than play
* * * *
Of thinkers' thoughts, of prophets' dreams
And poets' tender lay."
* * * * * * * * * *
Another year to travel hard
Where better souls have trod;
Another year of life's delights;
Another year of God.

Are we weary of the weakness of both flesh and spirit, how sweetly he sings to us,

"O Love Divine, of all that is
The sweetest still and best."

As we enter the "Gate called Beautiful," how reverently he lead us to be "Alone with Thee, O Thou most High." And when our beloved are taken from us, how comforting to think he, too, felt

"More homelike seems the vast unknown
Since they have entered there.
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare."

Now he, too, has reached "the other side" and for him, may he have found

"A pleasant smiling home-like land,
Better than here upon his vision gleamed."

And for us who are left, sacred and abiding memories.

Emma Endicott Marean. Mr. Chadwick was laid to rest in the quiet, seaward facing graveyard of Marblehead, amid the drifted snow and the flooding sunshine of a perfect December day. The sky and the sea stretched beyond the sight, and still beyond, and seemed waiting to receive him into their lonely companionship. The "solemn and strange surprise of the change" is still about us all and it is hard to readjust to it one's thoughts of him who has been a vital influence among us.

A man, himself a thinker and a poet, who feels that he owes much, first to the literary sympathy and criticism of Mr. Chadwick, and then to his bracing personal friendship, said once, "No, I have never seen him and I hope that I never shall." In a moment he added the explanation that all the best things we have in life are of the spirit and need not the material presence for comprehension and enjoyment. Mr. Chadwick was to him one of those "best things." In that sense he will live long among us, for he impressed himself so frankly and freely upon everything he did, even to the writing of a single line on a postal card, that he speaks still, as few men have been able to do, by his messages, whether of private friendship or those of wider import in the poems and sermons and books that sent his influence far into lives he never knew. One and all, they give the real man, eager, trustful—humbly sure of himself, his friends and God. He held men to their best by his unswerving faith in them, and by his generosity called out their own.

Perhaps he can do this for us still by the written words which speak far more truly of the man than any of us can speak about him. If this is barren comfort, and at times it certainly is, it leads us at least a little farther out. If one had never heard of immortality, the thought of it must come inevitably in such a death. Surely there must be other uses for a spirit like his than those ended in the stilling of his heart. He was here and we knew him. He must be somewhere.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

In memory.

The night is cold, and in the snow and sleet
I bear my torch and hasten to his fire.
But through the pane I see an empty seat,
And blackened ash where once the flames aspire.

I crouch for shelter from the bitter night;
It is so lonely, and my torch grows dim.
With both my hands I shield the little light
That mounted steadily when close to him.

"Oh, Lord," I pray, "let not my taper fail
Now that his guiding fire has ceased to burn!
Make quick with his my fading flame and pale,
That something of his light I may return.

"Be mine the lustre of his radiant love,
A golden flower of perfect tenderness,
For all earth children glowing, but above
The rest for them the cruel would oppress.

"His courage, blazing high through all his years,
In age as in the swifter fire of youth;
The hot flame of his thought, consuming fears,
And white with the intense pure light of truth;

"And, Lord, his warm and constant trust in Thee,
Acceptance of the whole that life should hold;
His faith, his shining faith, I ask!—for see,
The snow falls thick, and dark the night and cold."

M. W. O.

Henry M. Simmons, Minneapolis, Minn. My words about Mr. Chadwick can have little value, as I had but slight acquaintance with him. I saw him first at our National Conference in 1870, where he seemed already an idol of many of the members. The picture remaining in my memory

(perhaps wrong), is that of a slender and light-haired young man mounting the platform to protest eloquently against some speaker's motion to define Unitarism as simply "love to God and man." Not of course that Mr. Chadwick opposed that ideal—but he wanted the denomination kept clear of all definitions whatsoever, as a movement of full freedom in religion. Probably that has been his position ever since. Yet no minister has advocated a truer love for both the divine and the human. No one has honored the profession more by free and reverent thought, large learning, literary fertility, active life and wide influence. He has enjoyed rare triumphs, too—rising from a shoemaker's bench, and without a college course, to be honored by Harvard and its Phi Beta Kappa society. Through almost innumerable addresses and publications—sermons, poems, book-reviews, miscellaneous articles, elaborate biographies and other books—he has done an immense amount of visible work that lasts. Probably still more important has been his invisible influence among so many friends and followers for forty years. I was once deeply impressed, when preaching for him, by the great affection and confidence shown between him and his people—and their heartfelt words since he died are very touching. Even of Goethe, Merck said that what he lived was more beautiful than what he wrote;—and doubtless this is still truer of Mr. Chadwick.

Celia Parker Woolley. When a presence so vital and inspiring as Mr. Chadwick's is suddenly lost to us we are no less bewildered than pained. Grief is at first dulled in a kind of mental confusion, in which the real fact and its bearings on our future lives and consciousness is lost. We feel, very justly, that though form and presence are no more something which made and vivified these remains and cannot die. So pure, strong and vivid a personality as our friend's enters into every other life which it touches, from near or far, to remain there. Qualities so distinctly of the spirit as his, a life lived always on the upper planes of thought, an influence springing from a fervent love of truth and of mankind—such were the attributes or mode of being which made up the man. Memory of such a one swells gratitude and increases trust, until the feeling of loss is itself lost, and only the sense of a divine, unending possession remains to enrich the life that now is and enlarge the promise of the life to come.

E. P. Powell, Clinton, N. Y. Although for many years working along collateral lines, it was not my fortune ever but twice to meet Dr. Chadwick. But I read what he had to say; and I never lost any time by doing so. Few men, writing so much, have written so little without permanent worth. He was emphatically a thorough man—as the old Anglo-Saxon has it, a "through" man.

Our Singer True.

John White Chadwick.

How sweet and low in all our hearts is heard—
The song he sang to cheer us on the way,
And bring to darkness brightness of the day,
By blessedness of hope within us stirred!
'Twas glad as piping of the orchard bird—
When comes the glory of the happy May;
And long with us like flowers the song will stay,
And be the preacher's brave inspiring word!
A scholar true with wisdom in his mind,
Seeker of truth in fields afar and near,
A spirit to God's love in love refined,
A man of men by men in faith held dear;
Such is the soul that songful sought its rest,
And filled our hearts with memories sweet and blest!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

THE PULPIT.

Hymn.

Written for My Divinity School Graduation.

Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round
Of circling planets singing on their way;
Guide of the nations from the night profound
Into the glory of the perfect day;
Rule in our hearts, that we may ever be
Guided, and strengthened, and upheld by Thee.

We are of Thee, the children of Thy love,
The brothers of Thy well-beloved Son;
Descend, O Holy Spirit, like a dove,
Into our hearts, that we may be as one;
As one with Thee, to whom we ever tend,
As one with Him, our brother and our friend.

We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
One with the joy that breaketh into song,
One with the grief that trembles into prayer,
One in the power that makes Thy children free
To follow truth, and thus to follow Thee.

Oh, clothe us with Thy heavenly armor, Lord!
Thy trusty shield, Thy sword of love divine;
Our inspiration be thy constant word,
We ask no victories that are not Thine;
Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be,
Enough to know that we are serving Thee.

Cambridge, 1864. —*John White Chadwick.*

Faithful Failures.

A SERMON BY JOHN WHITE CHADWICK, BROOKLYN, JANUARY 12, 1900.

Here lies one who meant well, tried a little, failed much: such is the epitaph with which Robert Louis Stevenson would have been well content, thinking it good enough for the majority and even for the best of human kind. Wherein I am quite sure that some of you will not agree with him. Your own consciousness of manly effort is too positive and your consciousness of failure is too slight and evanescent for you to accept any such account of yourselves as valid, and you dare believe that there are many others quite as good as you.

Yet surely it was no whining pietist, and no unmanly man, who wrote the epitaph I have repeated and thought it good enough for himself and for any one of the best people whom he knew. "When the time comes for him to go," he said, "there need be few illusions left about himself. . . . Nor will he complain at the summons which calls a defeated soldier from the field; defeated, ay, if he were Paul or Marcus Aurelius—but, if there is still one inch of fight in his old spirit, undishonored. The faith which sustained him in his lifelong blindness and disappointment will scarce be required in this last formality of laying down his arms. Give him a march with his old bones; there out of the glorious sun-colored earth, out of the day and the dust of the ecstasy—there goes another Faithful Failure." And here you may discover plainly where I got the subject and the title of the sermon I have brought to you this day.

What I have quoted here from Stevenson is no chance word with him. It is one that frequently recurs in his various books and essays and more frequently in those letters which are a more direct expression of his fundamental thought and feeling about life and death. "There is," he says, "one element in human destiny that not blindness itself can controvert: Whatever else we are intended to do, we are not intended to succeed; failure is the fate allotted. It is so in every art, in every study; it is so above all in the inclusive art of living well." Only self-deception, he assures us, is self-satisfied and for the grossest failures he would go to those who are not "conscious of ignorance, weakness, sin and shame."

It is possible that some of you will find in this doctrine of universal failure a reminiscence of that Scotch theology in which Stevenson was born and bred, with the blood of covenanters and a whole line of Presbyterian preachers in his veins. It is not only Scotch theology, but one which declares, "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." Or it may be that you will see in it a character so purely individual that it has no such general application as Stevenson intended. You may say that Stevenson was trying to console himself for the failure of his own life, with its everlasting weakness and compulsory idleness, getting a little better only to be knocked out by an other hemorrhage, continually coming short of the glory of God as it beckoned him far off in the novel he fain would write, and feeling pretty certain all the time that he should go to final wreck, as indeed he did, before he had beat out half the music there was in him.

Here was a failure certainly, albeit one that makes our own successes seem unconsciously poor and mean. Think of it: to be struck down half way the book that was to make all the others he had written seem like mere fumbling for the right pitch. A failure certainly, but, if there ever was a faithful one in the wide world since mortal time began, that also. Where most men would have given over the struggle he pulled himself together and went in for a new trial of his strength. It is true that he did not attain to that superiority which enabled him to impose upon himself a law of silence as to his physical sufferings and disabilities. That would have been magnificent of course, but it would have been a miserable affectation and Stevenson was nothing if not real, if not entirely genuine and human through and through. So it happens that when the Wolverine is on his shoulders he lets us know it hurts, and he writes sometimes with his heart's blood for ink, but always so bravely, so cheerfully, getting the laugh on himself, and still wondering that life can be so good when it is so disappointing and so hard; converting his own pain and lassitude into amusement for his friends. Some of you may be so proudly conscious of your own good behavior under all circumstances, and however rudely pressed, that you can read a book like Stevenson's letters without any sense of shame. With the most of you I am sure it must be otherwise and that the shame is of that noble sort of which no man has any call to be ashamed. And that test of his—the self-satisfied are the self-deceived—is worth remembering and the man who can read the story of such a Faithful Failure without some misgivings would do well to overhaul himself, and that too, pretty thoroughly, and find out if he is really bearing his burdens as cheerfully as Stevenson bore his and making the most as he did of his opportunity and strength.

But I do not think that Stevenson's doctrine on this head was to any great extent the reflection of his purely personal experience. It was to a greater extent a reflection of his human sympathy. And, moreover, and this is of first rate importance,—it wasn't as if his measurement of life was by some utterly impossible standard, some counsel of perfection like that of the old time ascetics. He has made it easy for us to know exactly what it was, giving it to us in one place very clearly and succinctly, thus: "To be honest, to be kind—to earn a little and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier by his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered; to keep a few friends but these without capitulation—above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—here is a task" he says, "for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy." "He has an ambitious soul," he adds, "who would ask more; he has a hopeful spirit who should look in such an enterprise to be successful." In such an enterprise! To some of you, I doubt not, it will appear a very modest, unambitious one. You will say of it, as children at their play, "He can do little who can't do this." And yet I can conceive that to live up squarely to this modest standard might, even for some people who are conscious of their strength, prove a difficult business even for one uneventful day.

Faithful failures there should be if only to counterbalance the faithless successes of which there are so many in the big and various world. The failures of successful men are quite as numerous I fear as those of the unsuccessful. I here use the terms successful and unsuccessful in their narrowest sense, as men use them upon change. The successful man is very apt to think and speak as if he had made himself as well as his fortune; and with this failure to appreciate the real relationship of things, there is necessarily a failure of genuine humility and noble modesty, also of gratitude for talents five or two where others have but one, and of sympathy with those who, having only one, bury it in the earth. It is almost impossible for successful men to be patient with these last. "Why can't they do as well as their rich friends and neighbors?" But the destruction of the poor is their poverty as certainly when they are poor in faculty as when they are poor in purse. It is the enormous influence of organization and environment upon men's fortunes that gives to every rich man's question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" an emphatic answer, "Yes, indeed you are." It is this which lays upon all successful men the law of *Noblesse Oblige,* which interprets every advantage as an obligation and shames every inclination on the part of able and successful men to ask "Shall I not do what I will with mine own?" All personal ability is a personal trust, held for the good of all.

"In no other country," says James Bryce, the friendliest of all critics, speaking of America, "does one find so many men of eminent capacity for business who are so intellectually barren." Here is a conspicuous failure of successful men, the failure to be anything but successful business men. Certainly there are exceptions, not a few. There are successful men of business who are successful as husbands and fathers and friends; some who are successful as citizens, some, yes many, who are successful in the way of social help. But if there are successes on these lines the failures are innumerable and deplorable. One of the first citizens of Philadelphia, at once a successful man of business and a profound scholar, and at the same time a leader in the, as yet, vain endeavor to reform the politics of the municipality, writes, "I have found the most dangerous enemies of reform to be not the ignorant, but men of wealth, of high social position and character, who had nothing personally to gain from political corruption, but who showed themselves as unfitted to exercise the right of suffrage as the most ignorant, by allowing their partisanship to enlist them in support of candidates hopelessly corrupt who had obtained the regular nomination." Another motive tending to the same result is the preference for general corruption to an improved condition at the expense of some personal annoyance, personal attention, loss of time. Again we have the failure of successful business men to take any appreciable enjoyment in the intellectual life. This is no matter of necessity, for some of the best-read men whom I have ever known have been business men of unimpeachable ability. Often it is purely temperamental. All can not do all things and

for a man to fret himself because he is disqualified for certain things when he has an easy mastery of others, and is doing a man's work well upon the whole, is one of the most foolish enterprises in which a human being can engage.

A very common failure of successful men is the failure to appreciate the limitations of their own faculties. Where this failure is conspicuous you will find men of great business energy and pronounced success arrogating to themselves finality in the decision of great moral and religious questions of which they know as little as a baby a week old knows of their "futures" and such things.

Of all failures possible that of a mean success is the most pitiful. You know perhaps the awful form in which this consciousness has been embodied by a deep-hearted poet of our time:

> "If he could doubt on his triumphant cross
> How much more I in the defeat and loss
> Of seeing all my selfish dreams fulfilled
> Of having lived the very life I willed
> Of being all that I desired to be?
> My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

And yet we have not here a picture of the lowest deep. Not quite forsaken he who knows that he has spent his strength in following on a trail which leads nowhither. To understand the worthlessness of a mean success is of itself a kind of victory. The lowest deep is to be satisfied with the intolerable success, to clutch the Dead Sea apple as if its dust and ashes were the bread of life.

Faithful failures there *should* be if only to offset these faithless failures which masquerade as the successes of man's life. Faithful failures there are innumerable, and not a few of them are quite as striking in their way as Robert Louis Stevenson's. Not long ago I had upon my table a letter handed me from a brother minister, who is quite helpless, cannot dress himself, or wash his face; has some inflammation of the surface nerves that makes a perpetual dance of red-hot needles in his skin, cannot walk, and cannot sleep more than a few minutes at a time, and worst of all, seems to be organically sound, so that there is no happy prospect of his dying for some years to come. "In my utter helplessness," he writes, "I have much to be thankful for. I count myself fortunate in many ways. I am indebted to the great world for more of opportunity than I have improved, more of good fortune than I have deserved. When I die I shall be in debt to the world. I have received more of blessing than I have rendered. Even as a close prisoner I enjoy the happy birds, the verdure and bloom of nature. Its fragrance is only a memory. All my intellectual interests continue. I am deeply grateful for the many blessings of life still remaining."

Surely here is one of Stevenson's faithful failures if there ever was one under the big dome of heaven! A failure, certainly; cut off untimely in his work and thrust down into a kind of living death. But faithful, too; bearing the heavy load so patiently and cheerily, preserving such a manly attitude of soul, however the poor body may be doubled up, strengthening the things that remain with such a brave and cheerful heart, more grateful for the poor tattered remnants of his once rich and flowing drapery of joy than many of us are for the full tide of happiness inundating every wide expanse and every thirsty nook and cranny of our lives.

But we should do great injustice to our impassioned moralist if we conceived that all his faithful failures were of this special kind. They are as we have heard already, "in every art and study," and above all in the inclusive art of living well. In every art and study. Where is the painter or the sculptor or the poet who is satisfied with the work of his hands? Was Shakespeare, think you? Then the less Shakespeare he. Did he stop writing and go down to Stratford because he thought no better could be done than he had done already? Rather in despair, I think, of satisfying the inexorable ideal. Self-satisfaction is the sign-manual of mediocrity. There are few sadder failures than the men who fall in love with some good thing which they have done and then go on copying that to the end of the chapter. These are the faithless failures and the faithful ones are those who "still nourish the unconquerable hope, still follow the inviolable shade, with a free onward impulse."

And as to that inclusive art of living well at which we all must take a turn and which consequently is of more importance to nine out of every ten of us, or 99 out of 100, than any particular art. If you remember Stevenson's standard of success, I think you will agree with me that it was not wilfully extravagant. As I mentioned the particulars, I seemed to see an expression on your faces which meant "Is that all?" Only to be honest and kind, only to live within one's means, however narrow they may be, only

> "To make a happy household clime
> For weans and wife,"

only "to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered," only "to keep a few friends, but these," oh, mind you that—*without capitulation,* only on the same grim conditions to keep friends with yourself. Only these few and very simple things, and yet I am inclined to think the guide whom we are following is right when he says that he has an ambitious soul who asks for more, and a hopeful spirit who should look in such an enterprise to be successful. For to be honest, you will observe, is not merely to pay your debts and deliver the goods expected, to give their just dues to those whom you employ and their full task to those by whom you are employed, but, also, to keep your mind well open to the truth, however much you would prefer to entertain some other guest, and to speak out the truth though it cost you precious sympathy and love. Next, to be kind; not only to those who are always kind to you, though even that is not the easiest thing, but to those who treat you shabbily, more shabbily, perhaps if you try to think, speak and act right than if you take the softer, easier way. Again, to live within your means, as hard for some who are quite decently well off, as for those in narrow straits, so easily do our tastes and inclinations get ahead of our abilities. "To renounce when that shall be necessary, and not be embittered." Wide is the range of this particular rule. There are so many and such different things that must be renounced by some persons: Ease, comfort, beautiful things that seem a part of us, friends, health, the ability to do our work, or to do it with the old time strength and gladness, life itself, or it may be the hope of riddance from its leaden coil. "To keep a few friends without capitulation;" that is and still go on in the way which, whether it is right or wrong, is surely right for you, the very rightest that you know, and to keep friends with yourself on the same grim condition, that is without any base concession to your meaner self. These do not seem to be the elements of an exaggerated and impossible ideal and yet, however confident some of you here may be that you have so far met the various requisitions and shall do so without difficulty till the day's work is done, I am inclined to think that even within these narrow limits it would be perfectly safe to say that "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God."

Innumerable the failures if not universal; innumerable, too, the faithful failures though they do not so much abound. One of the five points of Calvinism was the Perseverance of the Saints, but we have been asked to consider whether the perseverance of the sinners is not a more inspiring and hopeful sign, not their perseverance in their sin but in their endeavor to put good timber in the place of bad, good thoughts and words and actions in the place of evil ones. This kind of work is of the very essence of the faithfulness which robs the failures of mankind of their power to utterly cast down and destroy the power and beauty of our lives. Here is no counsel of discouragement; nothing bearing any appreciable resemblance to the traditional satisfaction in the sense of sin, as if that were something fine. "To make our idea of morality center on forbidden acts," says Stevenson, "is to defile the imagination and to introduce into our judgments of our fellow-men a secret element of justice. If a thing is wrong for us, we should not dwell upon the thought of it, or we shall soon dwell upon it with inverted pleasure." So, then, the way out for a man who has temptations is to look away from them, is to look at things which he knows are sweet and excellent. And if at some time he has succumbed to them, the way out is not for him to mope over them, to keep them in his thoughts, and coddle them as if they were sickly children which he is bound to keep alive. That is good morality which says, "Whatever the temptation to be conquered it must not be suffered to engross our thought." No more the temptation that has been conquered. "A mortified appetite," says the teacher, "is never a wise companion." The reformed drunkard may have an inebriate mind through dwelling constantly upon the evil he has put away with lingering regret or even pride of heart. I have known such of whom I have wondered if an occasional lapse would not be better than their perpetual engagement with the thought of their old fault. The traditional theology made the sense of sin fundamental to religious experience, not the sense of any particular sin or sins but of sin in general, sin in the abstract, the original sin of Adam supposed to be ingrained in every part of every man. The sense of particular sins is not much better. Think as little about them as possible. Think of something worth doing and go about to do it with a manly and courageous heart.

Certainly I am not inviting you to any sense of failure from which you can suck indefinite melancholy. As little am I inviting you to continue in sin that grace may abound or to be at ease in Zion. Failure is sure, failure is universal, but only partial failure, and our business is to reduce the amount of failure to a minimum and to be ourselves Faithful Failures; for wrong things done putting in as much good work as possible, yet not as if the art of life were to make a compromise with evil and if the scale into which we throw our better thoughts and actions preponderates a little be therewith content. Working on this basis we should soon find the hunger of our passion keeping lent in expectation of a carnival. There is no virtue so heroic that it can offset a tolerated fault. This is the method of progress:—to first put away the fault and then put in some good work on the right side without thinking ourselves any better for bemoaning the irrevocable past. The Faithful Failures—they are the boys and girls, the men and women who do their best and for the rest do not whine or worry; they are those who, having taken the wrong road, do not sit down and weep but strike across lots, finding no doubt that the way of the transgressor is hard, till they come to the right road, then pushing straight ahead on that, singing a cheery song.

Faithful Failures! Who of us does not know a dozen or a score of these. Happy are we if we see one of them confronting us when we look in the glass, not a mere failure, which we can hardly fail to see, but a faithful one, a man or woman trying hard to keep the straight and narrow way. There are those who talk as if practical success were in the reach of every body, young or old. It is only a question, they tell us, of carrying the message to Garcia, of doing a thing in the simplest and most obvious manner instead of talking about it and fooling with it. And there is here a kernel of truth that is well worth attending to. Many a young man who grumbles at his ill-success and blames others for it, or his luck, if he should lay to his bones and work for the desired position or emolument as for a crown would find it reaching towards his hand. But often when the best possible is done somehow the wreath of victory is withheld. Here is one of our failures, but if the young man goes on doing his best, keeping a cheerful face and voice, and so finding in himself ere long a cheerful heart, resolved that if the prizes of material success are not attainable for him it shall not be his fault, resolved that he will never stoop to conquer, then you have one of the Faithful Failures, a substantial good, worth more than to be a millionaire, and that multiplied by 10, through loss of rectitude or any manly trait.

You have known men who have passed the meridian of life, who are going down the way towards sunset with a step not quite so elastic as it was in former times. They have made a good fight, but they have won no victories. The prizes of life have not come their way. Place, fortune, ease have passed them by upon the other side. They are Failures certainly. There is no doubt of it. And yet what Faithful Failures, not a few of them! They are cheerful; they are kindly; they do not envy the more fortunate; they do not hang their heads, but carry them as high as any with a well-earned self-respect; they do not go home at the day's end with a long face, but with such looks and speech as make the wife and children glad. And there are the political failures, the men who have a real passion for political affairs, and who have knowledge of them, too. Their neighbors think well of them and they are sent up to the Legislature. But they have not an itching palm and the boss has no use for them and word is passed along to the local machine that they must be kept at home. And it is so. But these men are Faithful Failures because faithful to their trusts and their ideals. I have chosen my example from the lowest rank. I might have chosen it from the highest. The history of our American politics abounds in personal experiences of men who have gone high and yet not to the top because when some incarnate wrong or greed has come to them with its hands full of places and emoluments and said, "All these will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me," have straightway replied. "Get thee behind me, Satan, for thou savorest not of the things that be of God."

There are failures in domestic life. Many that are not Faithful Failures; many too, that are. We have examples of these in the relations of the wife and husband to each other, where there is disappointment on one side or the other, perhaps mutual disappointment, and still on one side or the other and perhaps mutually, the bravest possible attempt to water the poor stick in the desert and make it bear some lovely flower, some pleasant fruit. We have the same principles finding illustration in the relation of parents to the wayward child.

They mean him well so earnestly
Unchanged in changing mood,
Their lives would go without a sigh
To bring him something good.

But they do not know just how to do it or there is something in the material that is intractable, that resists the patient hand. Pitiful failures these, yet not so pitiful as they are faithful, beautiful, divine, so tenderly the loving heart is kept, so patiently it strives with the weak and erring will, so pathetically it goes on hoping against hope for some good turn of the road!

I could go on with these examples till you were wearied out; have done so, it may be, already. Clearly failures are not few, but what impresses me is not so much the number of failures as the numbers of those who are faithful through and through. I find them everywhere I go, in every walk of life, from the most humble to the most proud and grand. If failure is the universal lot, and that it is I doubt not, in the sense that all have come short of the glory of a perfect kindness and sincerity and best use of their powers, not by any means narrow or discouraging is the range of a faithfulness so clear and strong that it is like a sweet and noble music to the attentive mind.

And for ourselves, if failures we are doomed to be, though we strive never so lawfully, can we not so manage our affairs that when our work is done and we pass on "out of the glorious sun-colored earth, out of the day and the dust and the ecstasy," it may be said with truth of each one of us, "There goes another Faithful Failure." And to be a Faithful Failure,—is not that to come as near as may be to those shining table-lands which in the speech of those inhabiting Eternity are called the Heights of Good Success?

Toward the Unknown.

"All look gloomy when we are bearing south, or too much to the west, and all are beaming with joy when we are drifting to the northward, the farther the better."—*Nansen's "Farthest North."*

So it is written in brave Nansen's story
Of the good *Fram*, and all the fame and glory
Of those stout hearts who further northward bore
Than any ship had ever been before.

They knew how many hitherward had come,
Nor seen again the pleasant things of home,
Nor sent one word of aught that they had found
In any dim, enchanted sea or ground.

Yet still from out the unknown world there came
Voices that seemed to call them each by name;
Voices of bergs that grind and seas that roll,
Tempting and spurning man's imperial soul.

Would that it might be so with us who keep
Our fateful course o'er life's unmeasured deep;
That we, as cheerly, might that mystery hail,
Which is the port of every captain's sail.

What though no soul has ever yet returned
With news of those for whom our hearts have yearned
These many years! Who would not wish to go
Where they have gone, what they have learned to know?

No fear! That great unknown toward which we move
Is the wide sea of God's eternal love.
No ice-bound beauteous desolation there;
But life, more life—who would not onward fare?

—*John White Chadwick.*

As there is a statue in every block of marble, so there is a character in the needful task of every man and woman. Ah, but the rough hewing and the careful chiseling that must be done before the statue stands complete! Ah, but the patience and persistency that must go to shape a character out of the stern resistances and dense obstructions that make up the daily work of many! But when the work is done, the character is made, what statue gleams so white or shows so fair or touches us with meanings so divine?

—*John W. Chadwick.*

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

HENRY HOYT MOORE.

Mr. Chadwick liked to remember early New England as he had known it, and once spoke of the changes that had come upon the old town of Plymouth, Mass. "I stayed there over Sunday once when I was a very young man," he said, "and drove to church Sunday morning with a charming girl, Deacon ——'s daughter. There was a long line of vehicles moving at a walk along the road in front of us when we started. I turned out to get ahead. 'Why, John,' exclaimed my friend, 'what *are* you doing? We never try to pass any one else on the road *on Sunday.*' 'Well,' said Mr. Chadwick in reply, 'now that I have turned out I suppose I may as well go to the head of the line.' 'Yes, I suppose so.' said the deacon's daughter, *'but don't tell father.'* "

To a friend who expressed the fear that the new education for women would disincline them for matrimony, Mr. Chadwick said: "That reminds me of the old New England school house that I once attended. It got so old and dilapidated at last that it was thought to be in danger of falling down. So the selectmen decided to assist time and pull the old building apart. But when they got to work at it, they found that it had been so well put together by its builders that instead of falling down as they had thought, they had to blow it apart with gunpowder! The foundation instincts of our human life are not easily uprooted. You can't blow them apart!"

After a public dinner of a certain society, at which, much to Mr. Chadwick's disgust, some of the guests had given themselves up to unrestrained enjoyment of the bibulous hospitality of the occasion, George William Curtis remarked to Mr. Chadwick as they went home together, "Our three-bottle neighbor seemed rather mellow towards the end." "Mellow," was the reply; "I should call it rotten ripe."

Mr. Chadwick's occasional verse was most happy and fitting, and his numbers were always ready to respond to the call of affection. On the golden wedding anniversary of two of his well beloved parishioners he read a graceful poetical tribute to them, of which the following verses are a portion:

"Dear friends, your fifty happy years
Of love and labor past,
To a gold basis you have come
Right joyfully at last.

"You've been about it pretty long,
But we've no word of blame:
Enough to know, however slow,
You got there all the same.

"Thank God that you have known how good
It is to work and strive,
To take the best and bear the rest,—
Yea, just to be alive.

"All hands around! Whatever comes,
We're glad for what has been.
The good before is pledge of more.
God bless us all! Amen!"

It is recalled that after reading this poem Mr. Chadwick turned to his friends in whose honor it was written and, handing the manuscript to the husband, who had been a lifelong friend but one noted for original and somewhat iconoclastic views which often differed widely from his own, remarked jocosely, "Here, Sam, criticise this!"

A. EMERSON PALMER.

Mr. Chadwick's memory for dates and anniversaries was wonderful. Here is one simple illustration. He married us on October 12, 1881. Until he reminded us neither of us had thought that we had chosen Co-

lumbus Day. Once, and only once, in the twenty-three years following did he fail on our anniversary to send us a pleasant word of greeting and remembrance. Usually it was a postal card, written so as to reach us on the morning of the right day. Last October it came promptly, beginning *"Dies illa!* That will be tomorrow!" I have often wondered if he remembered the marriage days of others of his parishioners as faithfully as he did ours!

The birth of our boy was one occasion for an outbreak of his irrepressible good nature. "The omen of your wedding day," he wrote, "has come to pass—you have discovered a new continent!" And when, some years later, the boy's sister came, he wrote (quoting George W. Cable, I believe), "There came to town, last Monday night, the queerest little craft!"

He never forgot anything, one is tempted to say. A dozen years ago or more, perhaps, I made bold to call his attention to what I feared might become an inveterate mannerism—his use of the phrase "not otherwise than so"—and gently hinted that "than so" was superfluous. I do not think he used it afterward. On the occasion of my last call at his home, shortly before the summer vacation, however, he mentioned my criticism, although he could not certainly recall the words to which I took exception.

The last written word I had from him was a postal card in reply to one I sent him immediately after reading his sonnet, "Late Knowledge," in the *Outlook* magazine number for December. I told him that his poem was the first thing I turned to, and that I liked it much. Recalling that he once suggested a reversal of "their pale cheeks joined," in George Eliot's "Two Lovers," so as to place the object after the verb, I ventured to ask if he did not think it would be an improvement in the seventh line of the sonnet to say "spoiling illusion," instead of "illusion spoiling." His reply came promptly, beginning: "Thank you! Glad you like it. *I* do. I agree with you that the normal order, 'spoiling illusion,' would be better." When Mr. Chadwick's later poems are put into a book, as they are to be in the near future, this change should be inserted.

The next day, or the next but one, I spoke to him for the last time—at a lecture on Finland in our church. I was standing near the door when he arrived and gave me his customary cordial greeting. Then, referring to my habit of scribbling, he remarked, "As the Queen said to Robert Browning just after he had published 'The Ring and the Book,' are you writing anything?" After the lecture Mr. Chadwick moved a vote of thanks to the speaker, expressing himself with more than ordinary felicity. But, as it chanced, when he intended to say "revolution" a *lapsus* occurred and he said "revelation." When his attention was called to it a few minutes later he laughed at the blunder, saying, "Well, that was my first heterophemy."

About ten years ago he and Mrs. Chadwick were coming to our house to luncheon, and dear Stephen Camp was to be there, too. In answer to a note jogging his memory as to the date, Mr. Chadwick wrote per postal card, having in mind the fact that two elevated trains would be required for the trip:

> "Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
> We'll come that day to your abode.
> By various trains we will get there,
> Nor tire upon the unheavenly road."

Thus deftly did he bend Dr. Watts to his own uses. He took great delight in what he liked to call the "happy mistranslations" of the Bible, whereby in the King James version meanings were read into passages that had no place in the minds of the writers. He was also fond of such meaningful misquotations as "There's a divinity that shapes our ends *rough.*"

Once when our dear friend was absent from the city over Sunday, unexpectedly, I conducted the service in the "dear little church on the corner." Immediately on his return to town he sent me a letter of thanks, putting on the envelope "Rev." before my name!

The best story I recall hearing him tell—at least, one of the best—was of a woman in the New England country who was telling a friend how she and her husband went two miles to a funeral just after a heavy snowfall. The arrangement was that the man should go first to break the way, the wife stepping carefully in his footsteps. But somehow she started with the wrong foot first, and "For mercy's sake," she said, "if I didn't have to go crosslegged all the way to that funeral!"

Two or three years ago Mr. Chadwick sent a characteristic postal card to one of the ladies of his society apropos of the annual sale and tea party which had just been held. It ran: "Mrs. Chadwick bought a jar of your currant, I mean cherry, jam, at the sale, and it is like Mark Twain's map of Paris: 'There was never anything like it.' I hope to come and see you soon. Till then and always, Your friend,

"J. W. Chadwick."

CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM A PRIVATE LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Mr. Chadwick as literary godfather was as candid to blame as to approve, and this, the unmitigated honesty of the man, made me love and revere him. To few, I believe, of those who met him often, was he more than to me, though I never clasped his hand.

Yours in full sympathy,

JOHN B. TABB.

St. Charles College, Ellicott City, Md.

MRS. HELEN R. JANES, BROOKLYN, N. Y., IN A PRIVATE LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

It was a great shock to hear at the door of the church that Sunday morning, "Mr. Chadwick is dead," but I remembered at once what he wrote me when Dr. Janes passed from us,—"There is something enviable in dying at the top of one's condition," and I rejoiced that he had gone as he wished to go, without illness or decay of intellectual powers. He had had warnings and had felt for over a year that his time was short; but for the last four weeks he had been apparently much better and I had never seen him in finer spirits. The end came after a day of happy work and merry play with his little granddaughter, and so suddenly that there was only time for him to put out his hand to his wife and say, "Good-bye!" I am so glad for Mrs. Chadwick that she has the comfort of that farewell! The loss to the church is irreparable. I feel it most for my daughters, who were already getting a good deal from his sermons and who had for him, as their father's friend, the greatest reverence and affection. Brooklyn will be to us now a very different place.

Love, live for, work for, the undying truth and good—that is the way to nourish an undying vigor of the heart. —*John W. Chadwick.*

THE STUDY TABLE.

Brooklyn Oct. 12, 1904

Dear Jones –

When I came back to the city I found an accumulation of books, especially novels, from Macmillan Co. which reminded me of "the multiplication of loaves" in a Divinity Students room who had been away for some weeks while a fresh loaf every morning had been pitched in over his ~~transom~~ door. At evening prayers on the night of his return we read "Man shall not live by bread alone". I have bunched three of the novels. I trust all goes well with you.

Cordially yours

John W. Chadwick

Mr. Chadwick's Last Reviews.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

In the multiplication of Shakespeare lives, almost every year as great as that of the proverbial cat, there is abundant room and welcome for Mr. Mabie's book, which is quite unlike any other. The careful student will go to Halliwell-Phillips, Sidney Lee, or Dr. Rolfe, but the general reader, caring more for a spiritual interpretation than for technicalities of source and date will find in Mr. Mabie's volume what he wants. This new edition, while far less sumptuous than the first, is a more comfortable book to hold in one's hand. The page is that of the biographical volume in the Eversley Shakespeare, which is identical in its matter with this. We are sorry to find Lady Macbeth here as in the first edition a negligible quantity, and Macbeth filling the stage, which he never does when Lady Macbeth shares it with him.

(1) William shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist and Man. By Hamilton Wright Mabie. New edition, with a new preface. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1904.

SABRINA WARHAM.

Mr. Housman's present venture is less sensational than the two others by which he is best known, "An English Woman's Love-letters" and "Bethlehem," a modern miracle play. But those things recommended their author as a writer of no common order of talent, and, if the present book is of a less striking character it is, in its more quiet way, a piece of admirable work. There are many lines of character and circumstance, and there is a good deal of entanglement. Most of the characters are of a mingled yarn, good and bad together, Sabrina's father and her husband taking on some of the darker shades. Sabrina and her cousin David stand for the better things and ultimately they stand together, the more obstructive people being taken off as conveniently as President Roosevelt's discreditable political friends. Sabrina's personality is very happily conceived; equally so that of farmer Lorry, and those characters which are morally inferior are firmly drawn. To a considerable extent the interest and charm of the book are in its vivid realization of the various scenery of the story and in a style that always has a real distinction in its step. To unravel here the "Knotted Cleave" of the story would be too long a matter and would take something from the pleasure which we anticipate for those who read the book from end to end.

(2) Sarbina Warham: The Story of Her Youth. By Lawrence Housman, author of Bethlehem, etc., etc. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1904.

GEORGICS OF VIRGIL.

The perfection of book-making could not much farther go than it is carried here. The whole book is printed in italics, the face of the type being very beautiful, the hand-made paper matching this, the binding also, which has a real vellum back and paper sides, which might perhaps have been a little more severe to good advantage. But these beautiful externals would have no justification if associated with intrinsic qualities of low degree. It is too late to say anything of Virgil's Georgics in the original form. They are much more than a didactic treatise in verse upon the arts of husbandry. They are a splendid idealization and recommendation of those arts. But the worth of Virgil for his more ardent lovers depends very much upon a certain "magical inner sweetness," his single words and phrases, his pathetic half-lines, whereby his soul escapes into expression equal to his thought. It is by Mr. Mackail's success in rendering Virgil in this aspect that he is to be ultimately judged. He has not chosen any form of verse for his medium, but a prose form that is extremely sensitive to the fine romances of Virgil's thought and style. To know why he has chosen this, one should read his "Virgil in English Verse," an essay worthy to be bracketed with Matthew Arnold's "Essays on the Translation of Homer." It is not only remarkable for its nice discrimination, but also for the perfection of its style, a qualification

(3) Georgics of Virgil. Translated from the Latin into English by J. W. Mackail, Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. The Riverside Press, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1904.

for the adequate translation of Virgil which in the event has ample illustration.

[4]THE SIN OF DAVID.

Mr. Phillips's fourth drama is not, as we hoped it would be, an advance upon its predecessors, "Ulysses," "Herod" and "Francesca da Ramini." In its dramatic coherency it may be superior to one or the other of these, but dramatic coherency is not Mr. Phillips' strong point and for poetic beauty we are obliged to think Mr. Phillips' last book the least of his six ventures. It has nevertheless much dramatic energy, and a great deal of poetic beauty. It is convincing that Mr. Phillips might do better than to give so much of his strength to dramatic pieces. The most effective passages in "The Sin of David," except the lovely bantering dialogue of the husband and wife over their little boy, are those that have a certain lyrical character and continuance; those, in short, which are most in the manner of Mr. Phillips's "Marpessa." Why will he not return to the manner of that delightful poem? It has, we are quite sure, possibilities for his art which the dramatic form does not involve. "The Sin of David" is not a dramatic rendering of the tragical implications of the Hebrew King with Bathsheba and Uriah. It is however the translation of those things into an English form. Its most lovely part we have already mentioned—the banter of the husband and the wife over their little boy. There is an over-suddenness in the conversion of the wife to the husband's point of view in the last act, and both husband and wife gravitate too easily to a comfortably complacent frame of mind.

[5]MASS AND CLASS.

In Mr. Ghent's previous work, "Our Benevolent Feudalism," he sought, by a satirical interpretation of the facts and tendencies of the time, to depict the not impossible return of a regime of lord, agent, and underling. In his present work he seeks to analyze the social mass into its component classes, not as these may be imagined in some projected benevolent feudalism, but as they are to be found here and now in the industrial life of the nation. To the cheerful optimism which assures us that we have no classes in America he opposes facts which go to show how much in this kind we have already and how strong the tendency is to more and worse. A very powerful chapter is that on class ethics showing how the conscience of the wage earner justifies actions which to the trader are vicious or unfair, while the trading conscience justifies actions that are equally vicious and unfair from the wage earner's point of view. There is a terrible arraignment of the ethics of the trading class—the right to make any bargain to which the other party can be induced to agree. There are chapters on "the reign of graft" which abound in sickening details. The extent to which adulteration is carried on is set forth in a particularly revolting manner. Some of the features may be overdrawn, but many of the most repulsive have too much verisimilitude for the good man's peace of mind. They are confirmed by Mr. Lincoln Steffens' "Shame of Cities," and by the minimum of truth in Mr. Lawson's "Frenzied Finance." Mr. Ghent's way out is through the door of the coöperative commonwealth. He is not fundamentally pessimistic. He believes that men prefer to make an honest living. But they cannot resist the stress of their environment. To us it seems that, being as they are, any environment would be plastic to their evil mind. They need a change of heart. An evil tree cannot bring forth good fruit.

[6]MANCHU AND MUSCOVITE.

Mr. Weale's book is quite other than the newspaper correspondence of the average correspondent, whose impressions are those made by a flying visit and whose observation is much enlarged by his imagination. Mr. Weale's acquaintance with Manchuria, as well as with China (an essential circumstance), is a matter of some years' extent. His book is written partly as a description of his travels in Manchuria and partly as an estimate of such forces as are there at work, "The Chinese Eastern Railway," "Chinese Administration and Russian Interference," "The Russian Army in Manchuria," "Slav and Chinaman," "Morals, Manners and Men," "Conclusions and Suggestions." The descriptions of the country, its cities, agriculture, people, are admirably done, but not better than those of inference and generalization. It should be understood that the book does not describe present conditions but those which obtained in the fall of 1903, and consequently much of it is of the nature of prophecy and much of its interest depends on the extent to which the prophecy has been fulfilled in the course of events since the beginning of the Russo-Japanese war. It is due to Mr. Weale to say that in general his prophecy has proved very sound indeed. We are enabled to judge of the degree and character of Russian preparation for the war and of the sincerity of the Russian promises to evacuate Manchuria. The writer's sympathies are undisguisedly with Japan. His description of the Russian in Manchuria is not perfectly convincing. His status there is summed up in two counts, slackness and corruption. Were these elements so prevalent as he represents them, the work cut out for Japan would have been easier than it has actually proved. At Port Arthur, however, it has not proved more difficult than was imagined it would be. His prediction in respect to the possible resistance of that fortress has been only too literally fulfilled. His arraignment of the Russian advance and exploitation in general contrasts vividly with many of the high-colored pictures we have had of these things and may well serve to qualify their superficiality and extravagance. There is, however, quite too much of the familiar British conceit of superiority, conceit which should have been chastened by the inglorious blundering and inefficiency of the British handling of the South African business. Russia as yet has shown nothing comparable to the blind fatuity which characterized the British struggle with the two tiny South African republics for the most part.

If you find yourself drawn to courses which you know tend to no happy end, and find the frontal attack on them discouraging, do not imagine that your experience is at all singular. It is not so. It is that of most people making the fight for a good character. It is that of all. That is to say, we make little progress so long as we are simply trying not to take a particular line of conduct which we know to be injurious. Try the expulsive power of a new affection. Set your attention on the attractions of some better way. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

—*From Mr. Chadwick's last sermon, Character-making.*

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(4) The Sin of David. By Stephen Phillips, author of "Ulysses," etc. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1904.

(5) Mass & Class, a Survey of Social Divisions. By W. J. Ghent. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1904.

(6) Manchu and Muscovite. By B. L. Putnam Weale. New York: Macmillan & Co.

THE HOME.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MRS. WILLIAM KENT, 5112 KIMBARK AVENUE, CHICAGO.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—The spiritual church, the church of character and worship, is no less the church of intellectual ardor and of social service.

MON.—There is no work to which a man may rightly put his hand which does not involve ideal elements; and these are nowhere more significant than in the work which, to the casual observer, wears the most forbidding face.

TUES.—The real blessing, mercy, satisfaction, is not in the having or the lack of merely outward things, but in the consciousness that the true sources of life and happiness are deeper than all these.

WED.—Ideas are the great, the imperishable things, and the men who work in these work in a material more beautiful than stone or bronze.

THURS.—The religious attitude is the supreme necessity, to which all knowledge, science and experience run as rivers to the sea.

FRI.—We see what we are; and, therefore, if we desire a beautiful and satisfying vision of the world, it is for us to enlarge and elevate our being by all the noble contacts, sympathies, and endeavors of which we can avail ourselves for this end and aim.

SAT.—We are what we see; and, therefore, if we desire to be something not unworthy the companionship of wise and holy men, it is for us, in so far as we may, to go where truth and beauty and goodness have their habitations. By either path we cannot miss the way. —*John W. Chadwick.*

The Oldest Story.

Under the coverlet's snowy fold
  The tiniest stir that ever was seen,
And the tiniest sound, as if fairy folk
  Were cuddling under a leaf, I ween.

That is the baby; he came to town
  Only a day or two ago;
But he looks as wise as if he knew
  All that a baby can ever know.

There he lies in a little heap,
  As soft as velvet, as warm as toast,
As rosy-red as the harvest moon
  Which I saw so big on the hazy coast.

Hear him gurgle and sputter and sigh,
  As if his dear little heart would break,
And scold away as if all the world
  Were only meant for his littleness' sake.

Blink, little eyes, at the strange new light;
  Hark, little ears, at the strange new sound:
Wonderful things shall you see and hear
  As the days and the months and the years go round.

Hardly you seem a Life at all;
  Only a Something with hands and feet,
Only a Feeling that things are warm,
  Only a Longing for something to eat.

Have you a thought in your downy head?
  Can you say to yourself so much as "I"?
Have you found out yet that you are yourself?
  Or has God what you will be by and by?

It's only a little that we can guess,
  But it's quite as much as we care to know;
The rest will come with the fleeting years,
  Little by little,—and better so.

Enough for the day is the good thereof;
  The speck of a thing that is lying there,
And the presence that fills the silent house
  With the tender hush of a voiceless prayer.

—*John White Chadwick.*

October 29, 1877.

Channing's Childhood.

Channing repeatedly said that his childhood was the least happy period of his life, and that, as he had grown older, each year had been happier than the last. Possibly, and probably, there was some shadow falling backward here from the experience of his later prime. The sober fact was, however, sufficiently deplorable. He was not a happy boy because his parents, doing their duty by him in the most conscientious manner, were not affable and friendly with him, gave him a stony formalism when he craved spontaneous affection, were of the opinion that he should be seen and not heard, and that he should know his place. Then, too, there was the burden of the inherited theology and the cheerless piety of the New England Puritan early to solemnize his tremulous heart. Wholly believing what his elders only partly believed, how could the child be gay? Besides, his early schooling was of no pleasant kind. But the main fact at this stage of his development was that he was a young idealist, and "wanted better bread than could be made of wheat." He found it hard to meet the requirements of the parental rule, and those, more exigent, of his own sensitive conscience.

* * * * * * *

The most classical story of Channing's boyhood is so familiar, that, were it omitted, it would be supplied by the majority of my readers, but to omit it would too obviously diminish the completeness of my narration. Going to hear a famous preacher at some distance, his father took him with him in his chaise, as if, though bent on his own edification, he had a mind to please his little boy. The sermon was successfully designed to harrow up the feelings with a vivid description of man's fallen state and the awful penalties attaching to his impenitent condition. "In the view of the speaker, a curse seemed to rest on the earth and darkness and horror to veil the face of nature;" and the boy entered into this view with ready sympathy and assumed that all who heard the preacher must be equally impressed. He was confirmed in this opinion when his father upon leaving the church said to an acquaintance or stranger accosting him, "Sound doctrine, sir." "It is all true, then?" reflected the boy, and his heart became like lead. As they started homeward he tried to speak about these dreadful things, but the words stuck in his throat. Moreover the father's silence made the boy think that he, too, was overwhelmed. But presently the father began to whistle,—an inconceivable and startling incongruity. Worse still, on getting home, he said nothing about the sermon, but, putting his feet in slippers, sat down before the open fire, the mere sight of which should have been terribly ominous, and settled to his newspaper as if nothing had happened. Whereupon the boy reflected, "Could what he had heard be true? No, his father did not believe it; people did not believe it. It was *not* true!" —*From "William Ellery Channing, Minister of Religion," by John White Chadwick.*

Theodore Parker's Schooling.

The boy's early schooling consisted of two double terms, summer and winter, and besides these nine winter terms of eleven weeks, and one term at the Lexington Academy in 1826. For the rest, until he entered the Divinity School, he was self-taught. There was a "Social Library" in Lexington containing a few hundred volumes, some of them not so bad. John Parker was a subscriber on his own account and Theodore caught on behind. He read translations of Homer and Plutarch before he was eight; Rollin's Ancient History about the same time. This now appears hardly less ancient than the events recorded, but any book is a good book that encourages in a boy the reading habit. The facts will come in due

time; the muddy stream will soon run itself clear. Other histories soon followed and all the poetry that he could lay his hands on, his first writing of verses dating from this time. A single reading of a poem from 500 to 1,000 lines in length was sufficient to impress it on his memory. In the meeting-house he used to commit the hymns to memory while the minister was reading them. At ten he made a catalogue of all the vegetables, plants, trees, and shrubs that grew upon the farm, inventing names where he could not find the right one. Fortunately the small family stock of books included a folio copy of Evelyn's celebrated "Sylva." Metaphysics began to interest him before he was twelve, and astronomy. He was twelve years old when he saw the crescent form of Venus with his naked eye. He had never heard of such a thing, but got a larger astronomy from the schoolmaster and confirmed the fact.

The first book bought with his own money was a Latin dictionary. This was in 1822. He got the money by picking huckleberries, which he carried to Boston and sold. It was the first of 13,000 volumes, and always had an honored place among them in his library, as it now has in the Boston Public Library, to which he bequeathed his books.

The boy's religious education proceeded at an equal pace with the intellectual. As the last child of the family his mother had more time for him than she had for the others in their quick succession. The neighbors said that she was "spilin' that boy." In fact she was nourishing his heart with wholesome piety and endearing herself to him so much that every time in later years, when he prayed to God as "Our Father and our Mother," as he often did, he added another flower to the wreath that twined her memory.

* * * * * * * * * *

His unfailing reverence for the character of Jesus began when he was a very little boy. There was the shaping of his mother's gentle hand. And very early, too, began his protest against "the popular theology," as he generally designated the traditional theology of the New England churches. He tried hard to think himself as wicked as a stray Westminster Catechism seemed to make him out, but it was uphill work, and he soon gave it up. He knew that he was a good boy, trying to be a better one, and there was no place in his experience, from his childhood up, for any genuine "conviction of sin" as the underlying groundwork of his life, no place for a "conversion" of the kind demanded by the sterner sects. All was healthy growth and normal evolution: first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn.

—From "Theodore Parker, Preacher and Reformer," by John White Chadwick.

At Home.

On the Wednesday following the triumphant closing of his ministerial work at Brooklyn, Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick were to have received their friends in celebration of the fortieth anniversary of the settlement as minister of the Second Unitarian Church of Brooklyn. The following lines from Father Tabb and the accompanying explanation tell their own story:

When Time is done and we
Behold Eternity,
God grant both you and me
With Him "At Home" to be.

Accompanying these lines was this letter:

My Dear Mrs. Chadwick—What I had just written in the fervor of congratulation I sent you this morning. It was all I could say when the sad news reached me. May he rest in peace! Think of me always as indeed his loving godson.

JOHN B. TABB.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country to do good is my Kingdom."

Why Was John Chadwick Neglected?

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

I have read with the greatest interest the tender and truthful tributes in memory of our dear John Chadwick, given by his brother ministers at a recent meeting of the Ministerial Union in Boston. A similar meeting was held by the liberal ministers of New York. Nothing would have been more prized by him than these tributes of his brethren in the ministry.

After reading these just and fraternal characterizations, in which there is not a word of overpraise, I am led to ask a question which has puzzled me a good deal: Why was John Chadwick neglected?

I do not mean neglected by his ministerial brethren, or by the public press, or by his church, or by publishers, or by readers,—for he was sought and honored by all of these,—but by the universities. Here was a man who for forty years was minister and pastor of the same church in the greatest of American cities; who week after week and year after year fed his people with sermons every one of which was worthy of print; who was a marvel of literary industry and power; who was not surpassed and scarcely equaled by any literary critic of his country in the best qualities of a literary appraiser; who was one of the sweetest singers of the liberal faith; who had made notable contributions to biography; as a theologian, had early taken a leading place in helping to adjust religious ideas to the new thought and sentiment of our day; and who had popularized the latest results of Biblical criticism. His combined services in these directions made him worthy of the most distinguished honors which the most distinguished universities could have conferred. Some such institution might have attracted merited attention to its standard of excellence by making him a doctor of letters. But the wonder is that he was not fifteen or twenty years ago, or certainly after thirty years of such service, honored with the title of doctor of divinity.

To be sure, John Chadwick did not need an honorary degree to boost him in his profession. He gained his eminent position without it. It may be said, too, that doctors of divinity are as thick as blackberries in these days, and, seeing how freely the title is conferred, there is some distinction in the absence of the brand. But, if the real significance of this degree is to be recovered and preserved, it is to be done by conferring it upon those who will give some validity to the title. Any one of our great universities might have honored itself by saying to the world, "Here is a man who has magnified his profession, a workman not to be ashamed."

We may be thankful that Mr. Chadwick's merits and services were appreciated by his brethren in the ministery, by the splendid men and women who stood by him in his church these forty years, by the public press, by lovers of poetry and the well of English undefiled; but is it not passing strange that he was neglected by the very institutions which are supposed to be the guardians of culture and professional honor, the universities of the land? —*Samuel J. Barrows.*

February 9, 1905.

HOWEVER well and happy and successful we may be, sorrow and pain are never far away, and the world-pain is everywhere; and there is no peace or joy for us at any time, however bright and prosperous our own affairs, if we cannot feel that in and through and over all the sickness, sorrow, pain, and loss, and shame, and sin, there is the Eternal Goodness.—*John W. Chadwick.*

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This volume includes all of his pieces, whether published in the magazines or unprinted, which Mr. Chadwick would have cared to preserve. (*To be published in April.*)

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